JOHN BULL

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Buy a packet of Black Cat cigarettes and you get quality in the cigarette cards too.

They are cool, clean smoking cigarettes—made from the finest air-conditioned tobacco rolled in pure English paper. Every packet contains a truly magnificent studio portrait of a famous film beauty.

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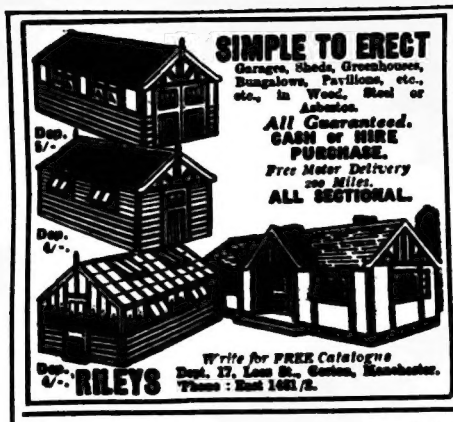
BC90

BLACK CAT MEDIUM CIGARETTES **10** *for* **4½D.**



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Garages, Sheds, Greenhouses, Bungalows, Pavilions, etc., etc., in Wood, Steel or Asbestos.

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FULL SIZE

Easy Chair Lounge Chair Full-length Bed Fireside Seat

17/6

69 in. long when extended, 23in. wide. Solid oak, 3 velvet cord cushions any colour; turned legs, spring seat. Call and inspect or send for new coloured Cat. J. Cash or 1/- weekly H.P. Carr. and Pack., E. and W., 2/6.

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£2-16-3 PROFIT ON 5/3

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS

The best money-making proposition ever offered the public.

If you want funds for Charity, Clubs, Fetes or any other purpose let the SKILL PUNCHBOARD help you. A 600-hole board costs only 5/3 post free, and makes £2-16-3 profit at 2d. per punch, and £1-5-0 at 1d. per punch. Agents working out special profit-sharing plan are making £5 to £10 weekly. WHY NOT YOU? Our free Service Dept. will tell you how. Write for SAMPLE 300-hole board and illustrated price list .. .. 3/9 post free.
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9½ This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carr. 1/- extra, we will forward direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Brusselette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered, in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Brown, Blue, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 door mats for 20/- Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D.
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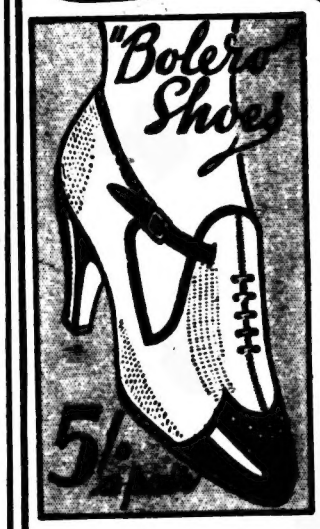

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FROM MONTHLY **3/8**

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For Storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles. Built in 6 strong, perfect fitting sections. Easily the best value. Carriage paid. Roofing felt included free. Floors extra. Small Store Sheds from 24/-.	Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash or 12 pts.
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Send for free Catalogue. Garages 73/-, Greenhouses 55/-, Aviaries 65/-, Workshops 65/-, Poultry Cabins 25/-, Fencing 3/- per yd. Kennels 27/-, Sports Pavilions £5 5s., Summer Houses 42/6.
F. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 82, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire. London Showrooms: 40-42, Oxford Street, W.1

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Take a lesson from country folk—the scythe is best. Cuts WET or DRY grass twice as quickly as shears without stooping or backache. Gets where mower cannot be used — sloping banks, narrow borders, awkward corners, around trees, rockeries, etc. Fitted keen razor edge tempered steel 9-in. blade in non-rust holder, this improved Scythe can even be used by ladies without fatigue. Complete with long handle and sheath to protect blade. FREE SHARPENER and easy directions. Send NOW 3/- P.O., Cheque or English Stamps to:
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A LIMITED OPPORTUNITY 197 PAIRS ONLY. *Callers invited.*

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POWERFUL PRISMATIC PATTERN BINOCULARS

WIL 6962

7/9 POST 9d. EXTRA

A genuine bargain line that should be quickly snapped up by all sportsmen, racing enthusiasts, holiday-makers, etc.

These long range glasses give crystal clear wide angle vision. Eyepiece adjustable by bending bar. Usual centre screw focusing. Metal parts highly nickel-plated and polished. Made by famous Continental optical instrument makers. Complete with leather sling. Bargain price of this limited consignment only 7/9, post and packing 9d. Send P.O. 8/6 immediately to:
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It brings up the Colours of MULTICOLOURED TILES

Multicoloured tiles look far more attractive when polished with Cardinal (TRANSPARENT) Polish. Gives a lovely gloss and enriches the colours.

Also in Red, White, Cream, Green, Buff, etc.

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CARDINAL POLISH

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MRS. BARTON, THE WELL-KNOWN SURGICAL BELT SPECIALIST OF LONDON, has a Price List of select belts for dropped abdomen, post-operation cases, umbilical (navel) hernia, prolapsus and general abdominal weakness, etc. SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION. The Belt illustrated can be supplied for 21/- in flesh or grey coutil. Send your measurement around the top, centre and lower abdomen. MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT DELIGHTED. I have given new life to many women, why not to you? Personal fittings by appointment.

MRS. BARTON, Surgical Belt Specialist (Dept. V.2), 121, Kingsway, London, W.C.2
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Thousands of genuine unsolicited testimonials received from grateful men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. What the Stanley Treatment has done for others it can do for you. A grateful man writes: "*Now I have not the slightest inclination for smoking. I consider your Treatment the best investment I have ever made.*" If you wish to break the Tobacco Habit write to-day for the Famous Treatise, "*Tobacco Bondage and the Way Out,*" which has caused so much comment. Sent free and without obligation. It will cost you nothing and save you pounds, so write to-day.

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Also 5/- in £ REDUCTION. Write for full details. Buildings in sections. Easily bolted. On approval. Prompt despatch. Carr. Paid. FREE Catalogues:

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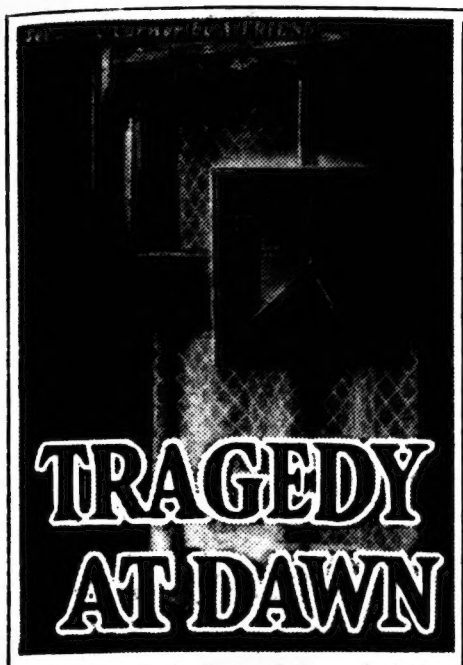

TRAGEDY AT DAWN

HE lay in bed wondering what the time was. It must be about time for him to get up. After being unemployed for so long, he mustn't be late at his new job in the Aircraft Factory. It was grand to have found regular work again.

He got out of bed, and, going over to the other side of the room, opened the window. He would now be able to hear the clock on the Salvation Army building. He stood there waiting. In the still morning air the clock began to strike five.

He leaned out of the window and, without warning, his foot slipped on the polished lino. Unable to regain his balance, he fell forward through the window and crashed to the footway below. Despite assistance that was quickly forthcoming, he died later from a fractured skull.

"JOHN BULL'S" PROMPT AID FOR WIDOW

This in brief was the tragic fate that recently befell Mr. J. K. Palenbaum, of 59, Newington Green, Islington, N.16. As Mr. Palenbaum was a registered reader of "John Bull," a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for fatal home accidents under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly paid to his widow.

"JOHN BULL" YOUR SAFEGUARD

In addition to providing numerous other Benefits, "John Bull" is *still the only paper in the world* to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD AND TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS BENEFIT.

£626 PAID LAST WEEK

Last week alone, "John Bull" distributed no less than £626 8s. 8d. to registered readers or their dependants, as follows:—

Household and Sickness Benefits	£236	18	8
Accident Benefits—Adults	£230	10	0
Children's Accidents ...	£159	0	0
	£626	8	8

READERS WRITE TO "JOHN BULL"

Here are further letters received from readers—letters that are typical of many "John Bull" receives daily:

DISCOVERED I WAS COVERED BY "JOHN BULL"

"I wish to convey to you my sincere thanks for your kindly help in sending me your cheque. Although I have been a registered reader of 'John Bull' for many years it was only after reading my Free Insurance Policy that I discovered I was covered by 'John Bull,' who settled my claim with the minimum of delay and the maximum of courtesy. I advise all registered readers to read in full their policies or they might do the same as I and miss or nearly so a perfectly valid claim. So once again thanking you."

F. C. K., Birkenhead.

TRUE SPIRIT OF FREE INSURANCE

"We thankfully acknowledge receipt of benefit under your Free Insurance Gift. You have tempered justice with mercy in your dealings with us, having observed the true spirit of your free insurance."

W. D., Neath.

If you have not yet registered for this great and unique Security Gift, do so at once. Use the Forms on right to-day!

SPECIAL PURCHASE of 5000 Full Size 4ft 6in
FIGURED OAK BEDSTEADS COMPLETE WITH BEDDING

MADE TO SELL AT 6 GNS.
SPECIALLY REDUCED PRICE 79/6

2/6 MONTHLY NO-DEPOSIT

Deferred Payments Price 85/-

OVERLAY
BOLSTER & TWO FEATHER PILLOWS
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ATTRACTIVE DECORATIONS
SOUNDLY CONSTRUCTED FIGURED OAK FINISHED A RICH ANTIQUE or TAN SHADE

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WOLVERHAMPTON ..... 26-27, Victoria Street
WALSALL ..... 54, Park Street
MANCHESTER ..... 144-148, Deansgate
STOCKPORT ..... 11, Bridge Street
OLDHAM ..... 13-15, Manger
LIVERPOOL ..... 44-50, Lord Street
BIRKENHEAD ..... 139, Grange Road
WARRINGTON ..... 50-52, Sankey Street
WIGAN ..... 14, Standishgate
BLACKPOOL ..... 3-5, Clifton Street
CREWE ..... 22-26, Earle Street
CHESTER ..... 35, Bridge Street Row East
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LEEDS ..... 48, Boar Lane
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POST THIS COUPON IF YOU CANNOT COME TO OUR SHOWROOMS

Send me the advertised 4 ft. 6 in. Bedstead complete, carriage paid. I enclose herewith first instalment of 2/6 and agree to pay the balance of 82/6 at the rate of 2/6 monthly; or 79/6 cash herewith.

Name .....
Address .....
J.B.13/5/39

Cut Out this Coupon for FREE FURNITURE BARGAIN BOOK
(POST IN UNSEALED ENVELOPE WITH ½d. STAMP AFFIXED)

Name .....
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The above BEDSTEAD COMPLETE and Free FURNITURE BARGAIN BOOK may also be obtained at branches of

CAVENDISH FURNITURE CO. LTD.
LONDON: 439-441, OXFORD STREET, W.1.
MANCHESTER, BRISTOL, NOTTINGHAM, NORTHAMPTON, HULL, GRIMSBY, CHATHAM, HARROGATE, HANLEY (Staffs.), BOLTON, BLACKBURN, ACCRINGTON, BURNLEY, PRESTON, LANCASTER, BARROW-IN-FURNESS, WHITEHAVEN, WOLVERHAMPTON, CARDIFF, SWANSEA, PORT TALBOT, HAVERFORDWEST, NEWPORT (Mon.), BELFAST, LONDONDERRY.

"JOHN BULL," THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS.

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....
Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....
Address .....
.....
.....
Date .....
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 13/5/39.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age .....
Address .....
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Name and Address of Newsagent .....
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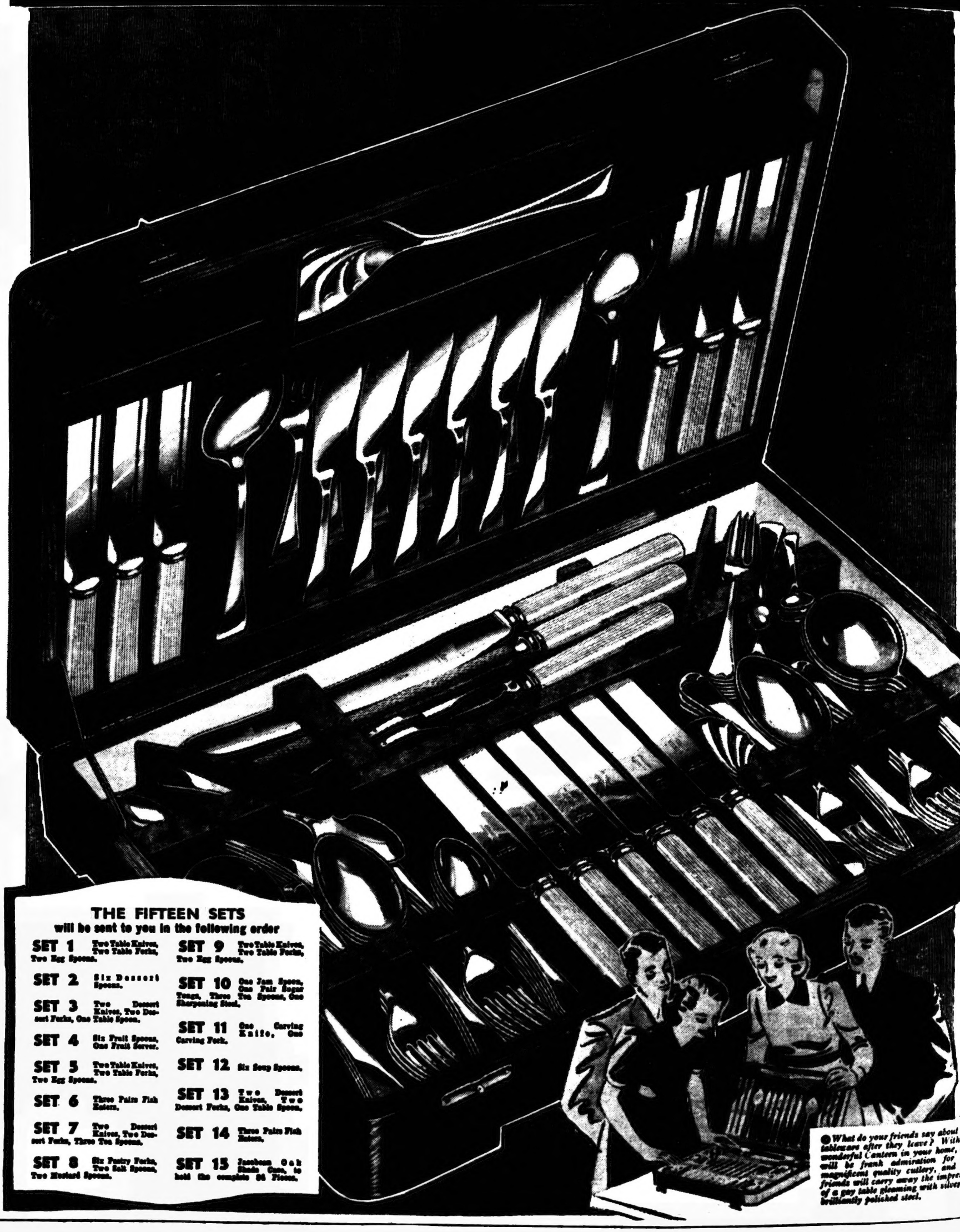
Date .....
Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 13/5/39.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT



THE FIFTEEN SETS
will be sent to you in the following order

SET 1 Two Table Knives, Two Table Forks, Two Egg Spoons.

SET 2 Six Dessert Spoons.

SET 3 Two Dessert Knives, Two Dessert Forks, One Table Spoon.

SET 4 Six Fruit Spoons, One Fruit Server.

SET 5 Two Table Knives, Two Table Forks, Two Egg Spoons.

SET 6 Three Pairs Fish Eaters.

SET 7 Two Dessert Knives, Two Dessert Forks, Three Tea Spoons.

SET 8 Six Pastry Forks, Two Salt Spoons, Two Mustard Spoons.

SET 9 Two Table Knives, Two Table Forks, Two Egg Spoons.

SET 10 One Jam Spoon, One Pair Sugar Tongs, Three Tea Spoons, One Sharpening Steel.

SET 11 One Carving Knife, One Carving Fork.

SET 12 Six Soup Spoons.

SET 13 Two Dessert Knives, Two Dessert Forks, One Table Spoon.

SET 14 Three Pairs Fish Eaters.

SET 15 Jacobean Oak Blade Case, to hold the complete 84 Pieces.

● *What do your friends say about your tableware after they leave? With this wonderful Canteen in your home, there will be frank admiration for such magnificent quality cutlery, and your friends will carry away the impression of a gay table gleaming with silver and brilliantly polished steel.*

NEW PRESENTATION

This Superb

£7-7-0 CANTEEN OF CUTLERY

84 BEAUTIFUL PIECES

SILVER PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS
—FIRTH STAINLESS STEEL KNIVES

for every reader

FOR YOU and your home—a magnificent Sheffield-made Canteen of Cutlery! Eighty-four lovely, glittering pieces—Spoons, Forks, Fish Eaters, Sugar Tongs and a Fruit Server, with a Guaranteed deposit of PURE SILVER PLATING and Mirror Polish—Knives made of the famous Guaranteed Firth Stainless Steel with Mirror Polish—All in a beautiful Case in rich Jacobean Oak shade! That is "John Bull's" wonderful surprise for you. It's the greatest Presentation "John Bull" has ever offered to its readers. And this superb £7 7s. 0d. Canteen of Cutlery can be yours on amazingly low Privilege Presentation terms if you act quickly! These Canteens are such unapproachable value that only a strictly limited supply is available. As soon as the full number has been reserved, the offer must be withdrawn and will not be repeated. You have been warned—it's first come, first served! There will be an immediate and tremendous response—apply AT ONCE for this lovely Canteen before it is too late. Post the Reservation Forms below TO-DAY.

START now to get this Canteen of Cutlery. You like fine quality tableware, and here it is at a privilege price you can easily afford. Your friends and your guests judge you by your Cutlery. Here's a unique opportunity—the opportunity of a lifetime—to secure a handsome high-quality complete Canteen of Cutlery and not notice paying for it.

Look at the Contents of the Canteen—There are SIX TABLE KNIVES and SIX TABLE FORKS—SIX DESSERT KNIVES and SIX DESSERT FORKS—SIX DESSERT SPOONS and SIX TEA SPOONS—SIX EGG SPOONS and SIX SOUP SPOONS—SIX FRUIT SPOONS and ONE FRUIT SERVER—SIX PASTRY FORKS—SIX PAIRS OF FISH EATERS—TWO TABLE SPOONS—TWO MUSTARD SPOONS—TWO SALT SPOONS—ONE JAM SPOON—ONE PAIR OF SUGAR TONGS—and a lovely THREE-PIECE CARVING SET, consisting of KNIFE, FORK and SHARPENER—a Complete Family Canteen—every piece exquisitely designed in the most popular style—every piece perfectly made and balanced—a gleaming, high-class collection of plate that offers a lifetime of pleasure and usage.

Sheffield—the home of the world's finest cutlery—the hallmark of incomparable craftsmanship and quality—that is where this beautiful Canteen is being specially created for your home! The table and dessert knives are made of the renowned Firth Steel—the finest steel for the purpose. Each knife blade is guaranteed STAINLESS STEEL, and is finished with a sparkling de luxe mirror polish. The blade and haft of each knife form one piece which is firmly and attractively set well down into the handle. The handles are oval-shaped and of super-quality delicately GRAINED WHITE IVORINE—a lovely contrast to the glittering steel. The table and dessert forks, the thirty-seven various spoons, the fruit server and the sugar tongs are heavy-weight, and are the most graceful you've ever seen. Every spoon and every fork, the fruit server, the fish eaters, sugar tongs and the pastry forks have a GUARANTEED deposit of PURE SILVER PLATING, with a brilliant mirror polish finish.

Included in this fine Canteen is a THREE-PIECE CARVING SET, consisting of a CARVING KNIFE with 8-in. blade made of Firth Stainless Steel with mirror polish, a forged steel CARVING FORK and a SHARPENING STEEL—a set that adds the final touch of excellence.

The three pieces of this Carving Set, like the Table and Dessert Knives, are each in one piece, with the haft set well down into the handle in each case. The handles, too, are of delicately GRAINED WHITE IVORINE—oval finished—matching the rest of the set.

The Case is beautifully and strongly made and finished in a rich Jacobean Oak shade. It is lined throughout with an attractive Brown Baize and contains a patent spring rack in the lid, and compartments for the articles. The design of the Canteen is in an attractive, modern style. The Case is fitted with decorative clasps and solid brass hinges, and is mounted on four shaped, non-scratching feet polished to match the Case. The complete Canteen of Cutlery will be distributed to readers in Fifteen Sets straight from the manufacturers. On the opposite page you see the order in which they reach you.

DO THIS NOW!

Fill in the Reservation Order Form and Labels below and post them at once together with 3d. in stamps. This reserves your COMPLETE CANTEEN OF CUTLERY. You will then be sent a folder fully describing and illustrating the Complete Canteen—and arrangements will be made for your Canteen of Cutlery to be prepared for you. Your first set of Cutlery will be put in hand and will be dispatched to your home one month after receipt of your Reservation. An Invoice for your first set will also be sent, which you must return with your remittance of 4s. 6d. (four shillings and sixpence) WITHIN SEVEN DAYS after receipt of the Set (carriage free).

A Book containing fourteen Presentation Vouchers with which you qualify for Sets 2 to 15 of the Canteen of Cutlery Set by Set will be sent to you with your Invoice for Set No. 1.

The second Set of Cutlery will be put in hand, to be ready for dispatch when your Voucher for Set 2 is received, and so on until your Canteen of Cutlery is complete.

To qualify for each of Sets 2 to 15 you send in one of your Presentation Vouchers accompanied by four Tokens cut from four consecutive issues of "John Bull," and the remittance as specified. Tokens eligible are the "starred" series which appear in the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of "John Bull" each week. You may commence to qualify for Set No. 2 with the "starred" Series Token No. 60 from the issue of "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 8, or with a subsequent "starred" Series Token.

All that you send with each of the completed Cutlery Vouchers is the low sum of 4s. 6d. With Voucher No. 15—for the Case itself—you are asked to send 7s. 9d.

There is nothing more to pay or do. NO PERSON MAY APPLY FOR MORE THAN ONE 84-PIECE CANTEEN OF CUTLERY.

URGENT.—Seize this wonderful opportunity NOW. POST the Forms below AT ONCE.

POST THE FORMS BELOW AT ONCE!

CUT HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE THESE FORMS

JOHN BULL

RESERVATION ORDER FORM

CANTEEN OF CUTLERY

(84 Pieces and a Case)

Address your envelope exactly as shown below, and post to—

**Cutlery Reservation Dept., J.K.1, "John Bull,"
3, Arne Street, London, W.C.2 (Pref.).**

Please reserve in my name a Presentation Canteen of Cutlery consisting of 84 Pieces and a Case to be obtained by me in Fifteen Sets. I enclose with this Form 3d. (threepence) in Stamps as Reservation Fee. This reserves my COMPLETE CANTEEN OF CUTLERY in my name.

Please send me by return the Colour Folder illustrating and fully describing my Canteen. I understand that you will dispatch my first Set in a month's time and will send me an Invoice for this Set. I certify that I will remit the correct amount for my first Set WITHIN SEVEN DAYS OF RECEIPT of the Set.

Please also send me a Book containing my FOURTEEN OFFICIAL PRESENTATION VOUCHERS on which to qualify for Sets 2—15.

The Newsagent whose name and address are given below holds my written order for the regular supply of my copies of "John Bull."

IMPORTANT.
You MUST send with this Form Reservation Fee of 3d. (Threepence) IN LOOSE STAMPS. This Form and 3d. in stamps together with the "With Care" Label and the Label "Z" MUST be posted in a sealed envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp. Your name and full postal address MUST be clearly written in Block Letters on both Labels and 1d. stamp affixed to Label "Z."

SIGNATURE .....
Write clearly below in Block Letters.

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

.....

NAME OF NEWSAGENT .....

ADDRESS .....

Date .....

The last day for receipt of applications from this announcement is Thursday, May 18.

This offer applies only to Gt. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. N.B.—Applicants in Eire will be required to pay any charges levied. No person may apply for more than one 84-piece Canteen of Cutlery. "John Bull," 11/5/39.

WITH CARE

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

TOWN .....

COUNTY .....

J.B.1 If undelivered, please return to Depot, 25, Shelton Street, London, W.C.2. | S. O. K.

A halfpenny stamp MUST be affixed here by you.

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

.....

X .....

double your pleasure with

PARK DRIVE

10 for 4½d

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED (MILD)

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1939.
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephones: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

Straight from the Shoulder

Defence Storm Coming

ASTOUNDING facts will be given to the Government next week about the grip of middlemen on rearmament.

Typical of the discoveries is that often scrap-iron is bought and sold three times by intermediate dealers before it leaves a yard for the blast furnaces.

You Will Pay

Even worse are the disclosures to be made regarding clothing for the Fighting Services and A.R.P.

Orders have just been placed in Lancashire for twenty million yards of cloth costing more than £1,000,000. All have passed through useless middlemen, who draw more in commission than the manufacturers will do in profits.

One set of orders alone will thus cost the taxpayers £20,000 more than the true price.

You Knew First

In short, the Cabinet will be confronted with ugly facts which it will not be able to ignore. A scandal, incidentally, that JOHN BULL has been attacking for months.

B.M.G.

That is why another revolt of junior Ministers is coming. And this time the rebels will have irresistible Back Bench support.

The cry will be: "Burgin Must Go!"

For the dismay at his appointment as Minister of Supply is growing more acute.

Spring-Clean Wanted

Not only is Mr. Burgin felt to be the wrong man for the job, but there is general demand for the job to be made bigger.

What is wanted is a real Ministry of Supply, with drastic powers to clean up the muddle of piecemeal orders and the scandal of inflated prices, instead of a department concerned only with War Office equipment.

And the sooner the revolt comes, the better it will be for public security and the public purse.

I.R.A. Bombshell

Links have been found between the I.R.A. terrorists and the Nazi agents

(*Continued overleaf*)

Secrets

BEHIND THE NEWS

BRITAIN'S ANTI-AIRCRAFT ARTILLERY IS NOW THE WORLD'S BEST. SCIENTISTS HAVE JUST PRODUCED A SIMPLE IMPROVEMENT WHICH IMMENSELY INCREASES DETECTION AND RANGING POWERS.

* * *

Sir Thomas Inskip, Dominions Secretary, has been sounded about drafting into Britain contingents of fighting men from the Dominions as a demonstration of Empire solidarity.

* * *

U.S. is almost as far advanced as Britain with "shadow" plans for war-time organisation of industry, man-power and civil life.

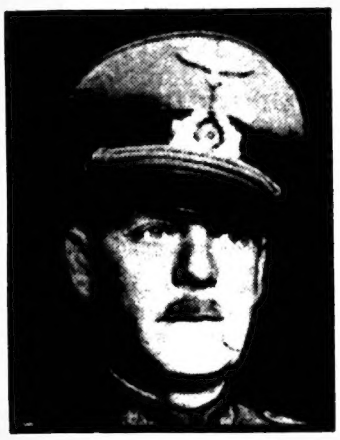
* * *

Cautious Dutch bankers have sent all but 5 per cent. of their gold to the U.S.A., South Africa and Britain.

* * *

To demonstrate "Italian unity," Queen Elena has been asked to appoint Mussolini's favourite daughter, Countess Ciano, as a lady-in-waiting. But the Queen, no Fascist, persists in ignoring her.

* * *



General Keitel

Our General Staff has worked out that the Polish Army is strong enough to occupy 1,000,000 German troops in the event of war.

* * *

Motorised units fitted with searchlights of blinding intensity are the German Army's newest weapons. General Wilhelm Keitel, Chief of the High Command, claims that soon his experts will be able to project dazzling beams of light to prevent enemies taking proper aim at advancing troops.

* * *

Watch for the early fall from favour of Dr. Robert Ley, smiling leader of the German Labour Front. Unrest is growing in many German industrial areas; Dr. Ley has failed to allay it.

* * *

At long last Scotland Yard has secured evidence which will lead to the arrest of Britain's biggest receiver of stolen property. He runs an elaborately organised clearing-house for disposal of his "goods" throughout the provinces.

Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, Minister of Agriculture, has ordered a private enquiry into the tithe grievances of the farmers. He means to end the tithe system.

* * *

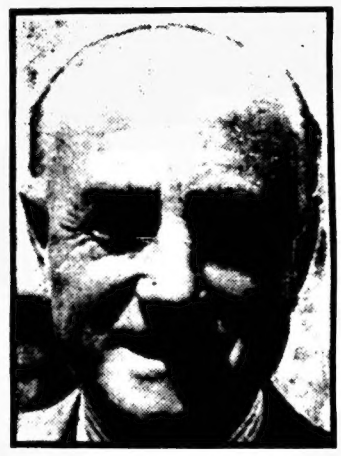
Russia will soon help China with a huge loan, following similar help from Britain, U.S. and Belgium. Japanese war-lords are both angry and anxious.

* * *

Parents may soon be forced by law to have their children immunised against diphtheria.

* * *

Under Sir Samuel Hoare's supervision, all main roads out of cities have recently been surveyed — in 250-yard sections — for A.R.P. purposes. By-pass routes have been worked out for each section.



Sir Samuel Hoare

* * *

Big merchant shipping scandal is about to break. Owners have been giving bonus to stewards who economise on crew's food.

* * *

A WELL-KNOWN GERMAN NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT IN LONDON IS BEING WATCHED. IT HAS BEEN NOTICED THAT WHEN OTHER NAZI JOURNALISTS MEET HIM THEY STIFFEN-UP AND CLICK THEIR HEELS IN MILITARY FASHION. . . .

* * *

Goebbels, the propaganda chief, is no longer Hitler's third man. He has been ousted by Himmler, swarthy and short-sighted chief of the secret police. Himmler, notorious for ruthlessness, is now in the running with Rudolf Hess to succeed Hitler.

* * *

Leslie Hore-Belisha, War Minister, has received many letters urging him to form (1) a Woman's Legion for active war-time service and (2) a Foreign Legion composed of refugees from Dictator countries. Both ideas have been rejected. . . .

* * *

Magistrates are exchanging information which suggests that over-zealous policemen sometimes persuade accused persons to plead guilty by promising light sentences.

* * *

Scotland Yard is urging the Home Office to make finger-printing compulsory for aliens, thus preventing undesirables from entering Britain.

Continuing *Straight from the Shoulder*

Goering's Big Blunder
Soldiers Old at 30!
New Road Plans

who have been expelled. Mr. de Valera has always believed that his misguided countrymen were being used as tools in rehearsal for something bigger if war came.

Ironically, the vital evidence came from German refugees here who had been intimidated by the Nazis.

Breaking Our Front

It's been said that Von Ribbentrop, with his usual conceit, recently told Hitler that if he were sent to London for a few weeks he could use Britain's "upper ten" to soften our foreign policy.

As a try-out, they say, the Fuehrer sent Baron Geyr, his personal contact man

Here's the Truth

The truth is that Baron Geyr has many friends in this country who are wholly unconnected with political Parties of any colour. He values their opinions as expressing the real feeling of the average Englishman better than those of politicians.

The sinister stories concerning his mission can be dismissed as not only ludicrous but malicious.

Goering Got Their Goat

Again, it is due to a blunder by Goering that Japan has refused Germany's offer of a military alliance.

He advised the Japanese to raise a volunteer force in Manchukuo for service in Europe and to be content for some time with a defensive attitude in the Far East.

When the Dictators had finished in the West, they would help Japan against Russia. . . .

Tokyo's war-lords were not interested in promises.

Hush-Hush Ships

Hitler's cancellation of the Anglo-German naval agreement has pleased the architects designing Britain's powerful anti-submarine ships.

Under the agreement, we should have ad to tell the German Admiralty the number and type of these new chasers.

Now we can keep them secret till they are almost ready to take the sea.

Object Lesson

Herr Heilmann, Socialist leader of the old German Reichstag, has just finished his sixth year in a concentration camp.

Whenever a new political prisoner is brought to the camp, Heilmann is asked in his presence, "Do you now admit that Nazi-ism is the best system for Germany?" 'I don't," replies Heilmann.

Then the camp leader addresses the new prisoner: "He will remain here until he changes his mind. Let that be a lesson to you."

We'll Watch Him

Manfred von Killinger has been placed in charge of the Irish department of the Berlin Foreign Office.

He is a colourful personality, formerly Consul-General in San Francisco as the predecessor of Hitler's personal A.D.C.. Captain Wiedemann, and an expert in Irish questions. His name was often prominent when the German "interest' in the British-Irish struggle in the 1920's was discussed.

Pastures New

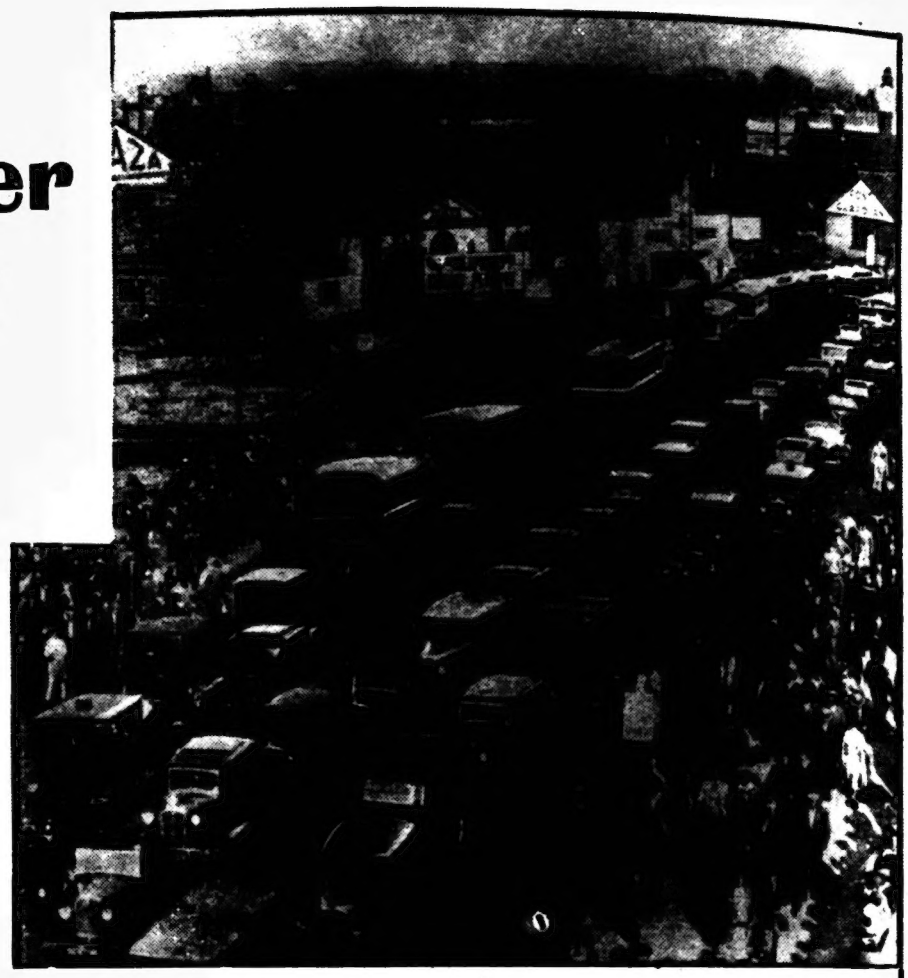
Three men have rebuilt—in South America—their industries which were shattered by Hitler's march into Austria and Czechoslovakia.

They are Fritz Mandl, Austria's "Pocket Zaharoff," a member of the Rothschild family, and Mr. Guttmann, part owner of the richest single firm in Hitler's Czech spoil.

They have huge capital, and plan to build up a new industrial system in South America that will make Hitler regret driving them out of their countries.

We're Getting Better!

Strange that Britons, French and Germans meeting in London next week under Vice-Admiral von Trotha will complete arrangements for safeguarding war graves in the event of another European war.



Typical holiday road scene. A few new safety schemes are coming — but nothing big!

In some ways, at least, we have developed greater humanity. Mayor Walker, of Capetown, vouches that British soldiers killed in the South African campaign still lie unburied on parts of the veldt—skeletons in uniform.

No Snobbery

Too, too dreadful—said some Midland employers—if they joined the Terriers and found themselves serving under their own employees!

So they started to form a regiment composed solely of business and professional men.

Their luck is out. The War Office, despite its alleged school-tie complexion, has angrily set its face against the proposal. For which we salute the War Office.

Encouragement!

Now listen to this:

Thirty-year-old Mr. A. E. Saeger recently completed twelve years Colour service with the 2nd Lancs Fusiliers. He wanted to rejoin; the commanding officer cordially accepted his offer.

But Saeger had first to present himself at a recruiting office. There he was turned away as too old!

That's the sort of nonsense, which fosters the belief that the spirit of voluntary service has been deliberately murdered.

Make-Believe

Capt. Wallace, new Transport Minister, is already in trouble.

The House of Lords is indignant because its sweeping report on road accidents has been shelved, protests that the Government doesn't seem to care if road deaths go on for another twenty years, and one peer actually proposes that the Ministry of Transport should be scrapped.

Capt. Wallace's thorny task is to do nothing yet appear to be doing a lot. But some of his fellow-Ministers ought to be able to give him a few tips.

Snub for Whitehall

A few minor improvements, however, are being worked out. One will be a big Safety First campaign.

But it will not be conducted by the Civil Service. Remembering the mess of the A.R.P. appeals by Whitehall amateurs, the Prime Minister has told Capt. Wallace to entrust it to commercial publicity experts.

Also, there will be more mobile police, a revision of the Highway Code, and police action will be allowed against parents who allow young children to wander without supervision.

Turning the Screw

Tens of thousands of widows cannot get pensions because their husbands' insurance cards were a few stamps short at the time of death.

Now this meanness is being applied to maternity benefit. Worst case of the week concerns Mr. W. V. Saxton, of B.. over.

He is unemployed and his wife has been refused any State contribution for confinement because ONE stamp was missing from his card.

Surely it's a rotten system that binds humanity to the strict letter of the law?

Wake Up, Mr. Ramsbotham!

THE Army is doubling up. But the Cabinet must not forget the army of past defenders to whom we owe justice.

They are the ex-Servicemen, crippled by war wounds and hardships, who are in dire need.

One of them was James Parker, of Derby, on whom they held an inquest the other day.

Wounded in 1917, under continual treatment until he was discharged in 1919, he was given a pension by a grateful country during those early days.

When he asked for the pension to be made permanent he was refused.

The jury found that his death was due to war service. And the last word was with the Coroner.

"Those who quarrelled with the view that this man's disabilities were due to his war service will have little satisfaction when they learn of his death."

There are countless others whose end has not yet put them in the news. The thousands of unknowns, like the asthmatic "gas cases," the "rheumatic subjects," who live in back rooms on 9s.-a-week pension—or without pension and on the tender mercies of the P.A.C.

But they are all known to somebody. They are known to their neighbours and their neighbours' sons. And we can tell the Government that they are bad propaganda.

On the Government Front Bench sits Mr. Ramsbotham. We have nothing against him personally. He is a kindly and loyal servant of the State.

But we have a lot against the machine he heads.

For its callousness, its unyielding, statute-bound attitude towards the bare living claims of the 400,000 men who still suffer from grievous war disabilities.

And for its paltry muddling which bandies the claims of crippled men from one to the other of several Ministries. From Health to Labour and back to Pensions again, until in the end the human side of a "case" dies in some dusty pigeon-hole.

Mr. Ramsbotham says he will save £1,000,000 on ex-Service pensions this year. We don't think that's anything to be proud about.

If, instead, he had announced a complete overhaul of his Ministry's system, with a scheme under which no crippled ex-Serviceman need live or die in want, and that it might cost £1,000,000 *more*—then there would be reason for satisfaction.

For we owe them justice!

Help JOHN BULL *to help you! Some of the pages on which your co-operation is welcomed are:—*

Sir Wyndham Childs	12
Greatest of These	21
Humanist	28
Reader's Story	30
Voice of the People	22

The Government wants more farmland. Yet the War Office and Air Ministry conscript fertile acres—and ignore heaths that would do just as well

Without Fear or Favour

WHY NOT GUNS AND BUTTER?

A MILLION acres of neglected farmland is to be reclaimed at once for the growing of arable crops.

Farmers are to be offered £2 for each acre they put back to the plough by September next.

By this means it is hoped to restore 250,000 acres for crop raising before the autumn.

That is the scheme of Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, Minister of Agriculture.

"It should be realised," says the Ministry of Agriculture, "that in an emergency our home production of food must be increased to the maximum."

Excellent. We applaud the Ministry of Agriculture in doing its bit for national defence.

But that is only one side of the picture.

Now turn to the reverse:—

During the past four years fifty thousand acres of good farm land have been acquired by the War Office and the Air Ministry.

And in most cases neglected land was available.

Whitehall madness.

The Ministry of Agriculture starts to reclaim land for the growing of crops. And in the meantime the military and air departments grab land on which crops were growing.

SCARCELY a week passes without a new seizure.

Branches of the National Farmers' Union throughout the country are busy passing resolutions of protest against this crazy policy.

Here is the latest example of what is happening:—The War Office decides that it needs a mobilisation store in Dorsetshire, and proposes to take sixteen acres of a farm near Wimborne.

For that the War Office will have to pay a heavy price.

But the land is essential to the proper working of the farmstead. It is highly productive and valuable agricultural land.

And within two miles of the spot is heath land which could be taken at little cost and without any disturbance of farming interest.

Rightly the Dorset Farmers' Union describe this as a glaring instance of land "conscription."

Because it cannot be argued that this particular piece of farm on which the War Office has set its eyes is *essential* for military purposes.

IT happens to be *essential* to the farmer—but that, of course, is no matter.

A mobilisation store on the easily available waste heath land, two miles distant, would be just as serviceable as a mobilisation store on the good farm land.

Yet for some inexplicable reason the War Office wants the farm, and no kind of argument will swerve its officials.

THIS CRAZY LAND CONSCRIPTION IS TAKING PLACE ON A NATIONAL SCALE.

In every county from the north of Scotland to the English Channel land is being seized by the defence departments without any reference to other requirements.

Cross the county boundary from Dorsetshire into Wiltshire and there is the scandalous, fantastic appropriation of 1,000 acres of farm land at Wroughton, near Swindon, for a new R.A.F. aerodrome and wireless training school.

Five productive farms are wiped out by this development.

Some of the best wheat-growing land in the whole of Britain is to be thrown into disuse.

The Wiltshire County Council has protested officially against the "conscription." Questions have been raised on the matter in the House of Commons, but the agitation has led to nothing.

The Air Ministry goes on with its plan, and Wroughton aerodrome will cost the taxpayer more than £800,000.

Seven miles away, at Yatesbury, the Air Ministry already has a station and wireless training school—on land which has no agricultural value.

And all around are acres that could be used without loss to farmers.

This base has cost more than £380,000. It could be developed, and there would be no interference with agriculture and essential food production.

And so?

Yatesbury is to be scrapped in two years' time when the new aerodrome at Wroughton is finished.

We are to throw £380,000 down the drain, and we are to spend another £800,000 in order that five productive farms and some of the best wheat-growing land in Britain can be made non-productive.

To any reasonable person the whole thing is too fantastic to be true.

But, unfortunately, it is true.

What is the mystery behind this kind of procedure, when one department of the Government says "Raise more crops" and other departments conscript land on which the crops could be raised?

IT WOULD NOT HAPPEN IN GERMANY. IT SHOULD NOT HAPPEN HERE.

Not long ago the Prime Minister promised that a "clearing house" of experts would be set up to decide the differences between the military departments and the civil departments over the acquisition of land for national defence purposes.

That was just a promise—without fulfilment.

The problem of the effective defence of this country is concerned with rearmament, man power and supply.

THESE three factors are indivisible, but food supply comes first, for without it the other two cannot function.

Surely, surely it should not be beyond the wisdom of Whitehall to arrange for its departments to work together and not in rivalry?

The wheat fields of Britain are as much a part of national defence as aerodromes or mobilisation stores.

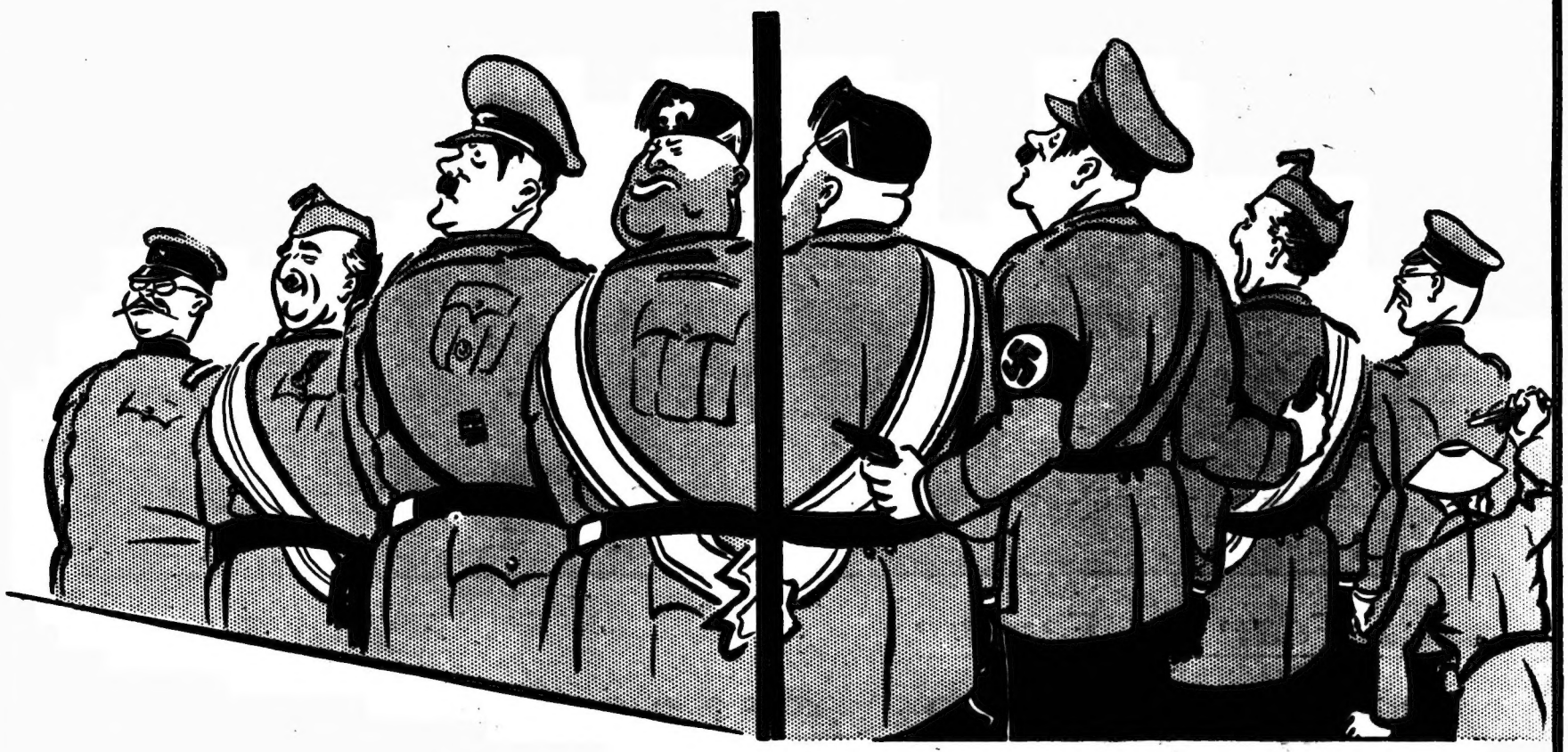
Why should we not have the guns *and the butter and the wheat?*

"We have taken a fancy to your best crop-growing land, and we are going to have it at all costs."

That is the land conscription plan of the War Office and the Air Ministry.

It would not happen in Germany.

CANDID CARTOONS by KEM



BOTH SIDES OF THE "UNBREAKABLE FRONT."

OPEN LETTERS . . .

Field-Marshal Lord MILNE,

MY LORD,—Britain has need of you—to command the army of the Great Unwanted.

For some years, as Chief of the Imperial General Staff, you were our supreme soldier. Now you are on the half-pay shelf.

Volunteering for national defence, you have been turned down by the War Office. The Air Ministry won't have you in the balloon barrage.

You are a director of City companies, yet the Westminster A.R.P. committee won't even let you help to order sandbags.

Field-Marshals, it seems, are less important than conscripts.

But you are merely one of thousands who are not allowed to do their bit. My postbag bulges with letters from ex-Servicemen, technical experts and even unemployed labourers who have been fobbed off with feeble excuses or none at all.

I have protested until I am hoarse. Our smugly inefficient rulers go on appealing for volunteers and snubbing many who apply.

How I should like you to lead the Unwanted and put to flight the fumblers who are really impairing our defences!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR JOHN,—You would have no need to raise food taxes if you made land speculators disgorge some of their swollen profits.

A local council has to pay £1,000 an acre for sewage farm land. Ground wanted for an aerodrome, bought two years ago for £15, has fetched more than ten times that amount. £10,000 is demanded for the site of a playing-field.

So the old scandal continues—made worse now by defence requirements. Yet you still pretend that the arms burden is being evenly shared!—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. MONICA FELTON,
London's Housekeeper

DEAR MADAM,—It gives me a headache even to think of the 2,000,000 aspirin tablets you will order for your "family" during the coming year.

And my imagination boggles at the other items in your shopping list—the 27,000,000 pints of milk, the 9,000,000 yards of bandage, the road materials and buttons and heaven knows what—destined for the L.C.C. schools and hospitals.

You are the first woman to become chairman of the Supplies Committee, one of those vastly important jobs of which the public never hears, and I offer you my congratulations and good wishes.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. L. HORE-BELISHA, M.P.,
Minister for War

DEAR SIR,—Did you say that the New Army is free from bullying?

A physical training instructor at Woolwich threw a whistle which blinded a boy cadet in one eye. The instructor has been sentenced to a "severe reprimand."

Would he have escaped so lightly in civil life?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JAMES JOYCE,
Very Highbrow Novelist

DEAR MR. JOYCE,—They tell me you are a genius, but having spent 25s. on your latest novel I feel an urgent longing for the company of ordinary and not very clever people.

Yet I have tried very patiently to read you. Indeed, I have actually persevered until reaching this unusually clear passage:

"Can't hear with bawk of bats, all thim liffeying waters of. Ho, talk save us! My foos won't moos."

Talk like that won't save me from mooing, Mr. Joyce.—JOHN BULL.

Lord LUKE,
Hospitals' Day Chairman

MY LORD,—I'm sure I can pledge my readers' willing and generous support for Hospitals' Flag Day, which will be held on May 9 and 13.

The excellence and necessity of the appeal needs no stressing, but I hope you will succeed in reaping a record collection, not only because of the unparalleled demands now being made on the hospitals owing to national defence, but because an anonymous donor has offered to increase to one-and-sixpence every shilling contributed.

May Hospitals' Day be the brightest in your year!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. A. CHARD,
Brentford Bench, Middlesex

YOUR WORSHIP,—Before making statements in public, make sure of your facts.

You tell a former £850-a-year man that he could easily secure one of the "many good national service jobs."

Apparently you do not know that the few rich plums are falling into the chubby lips of well-paid officials: town clerks, fire chiefs and the like.

Need I add that most of the real work is done by their subordinates or by unpaid workers?—JOHN BULL.

Councillor P. SCULLION,
Jarrow

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—Very fairly, you put the case against the ex-policemen who take jobs which might be done by some of your town's 4,000 unemployed.

They have had security for twenty-five years, have never had the worry of short time or of begging for work. Now, with pensions of more than £3 a week, they are being appointed as gatemen, rent collectors and public-house managers.

Even the unemployed, by rates and taxes, help to keep them in comfort.

Yes, that's all true. But these men have earned their pension, have a right to work. The real solution is to provide work for all—and that could be done if the nation insisted on it.—JOHN BULL.

Sir THOMAS GARDINER,
Director-General, Post Office

DEAR SIR THOMAS,—It will be a dull world when we cannot laugh at your wonderful institution, so thank you for the latest smile:

A letter posted from one London district to another was delayed. G.P.O. explained that the word "London" should have been included in the address.

But in later letters, "London" has been angrily scratched out by the sorters. G.P.O. explains that "London" should not be included in the address in such cases!

Now you tell me one.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. HERWALD RAMSBOTHAM, M.P.,
Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—Are you not moved to compassion by the plight of Thomas Minshull?

Shortly before his birth, his mother was shocked by the news of her husband's death on active service; as a result, Tommy has never been able to feed or dress himself.

Now that he is twenty-one, his 10s.-a-week pension has stopped, and the Royal Warrant stops you from giving him any further help.

Once again, therefore, I demand an amendment of that arbitrary, heartless and checseparing code!—JOHN BULL.

"SILENCE FOR HIS WORSHIP"—2

Darlings of the Law

by Sir Gervais Rentoul, K.C.

Witty London Stipendiary Magistrate

IN the past sixty years the law, which for women was once a harsh stepmother, has been transformed into a Fairy Prince.

As a result of the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act every legal distinction between the sexes has disappeared and women nowadays, so far from being at any disadvantage, occupy a highly privileged position in the eyes of the law.

From the very earliest times until about the middle of the last century, whenever a woman was mentioned in an Act of Parliament, it was as a thing rather than a person.

She was regarded merely as a chattel, belonging first to her father and then to her husband. Roman Law ignored her existence altogether except as an appanage of her Lord and Master. He had rights in her; she had none in herself.

In the early Anglo-Saxon laws it was enacted that "if a man carry off a maiden by force, let him pay fifty shillings to the owner, and afterwards buy the object of his will from the owner." Whoever got the money, it is clear the lady did not!

Indeed, every ancient system of law known to the world took this view of woman's status.

"Not a Dem"

Many centuries passed before there was any substantial alteration. In our own country until about 1882 a married woman could possess no property whatever. "Not a solitary single individual dem," as Mr. Mantalini pointed out to his harassed spouse in "Nicholas Nickleby."

She herself and everything she had belonged to her husband. A hundred years ago few lawyers would have dreamed of questioning a husband's right to chastise his wife provided he did not do it in too barbarous a manner.

Indeed there was a fabulous rod no thicker than his thumb which was supposed to be the standard of husbandly correction.

In those days the dutiful wife could only murmur in the words of Milton,

"My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey. So God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise."

That is how Eve is supposed to have summed up the matter before she emerged from the Garden of Eden clothed and in her right mind.

But all that is changed. We live in times when the scales of Justice have been heavily weighted in favour of women and when they may be described with a good deal of truth as the "spoilt darlings of the law."

Women now have complete liberty regarding both their persons and property. They can enter without restriction every profession or trade. They have the vote, can be elected to Parliament, and possess the fullest rights of citizenship.

She Can Sue

In the ordering of her life a woman can do exactly as she pleases. Not only what men may do, but many things which if done by men would involve the direst consequences.

No longer are husband and wife considered to be one person, as in the days of Bacon and for centuries afterwards.

Directly a man marries he becomes legally responsible for his wife's maintenance, for which she can sue him in the courts.

She can pledge his credit for necessaries without any hard-and-fast rule being laid down about them. The quality of the necessaries varies with the financial and social standing of the husband.

She can do this even though she possesses a large separate income and refuses to contribute one penny to the expenses of the joint home.

She can decline to carry out any of the usual obligations of marriage, and be as lazy, extravagant and unattractive as she pleases, without running any risk of legal penalties.

About her husband, she can say the most scandalous things to her neighbours, and no action for slander will lie.

And then if he leaves her for another woman, she can obtain permanent alimony against him, or even through sheer vindictiveness refuse to allow the "decree nisi" to be made absolute.

This means that she can keep her husband in a position of being neither married nor single until he makes it worth her while, or she chooses to apply for the "decree absolute."

In addition, while the case is pending, and before it can be heard, he must pay the whole of her costs, even though she has admitted the allegations against her, provided she enters a formal defence. If all this is "man-made law," it would not appear that women have now much ground for complaint

So far as a husband is concerned, his responsibilities are as great as ever, but the responsibilities of a married woman in the eyes of the law are practically nil.

With regard to property, too, wives, no matter how well off they may be, possess powers and privileges entirely denied to their husbands. Husbands are under burdens from which the wives are free.

For instance, a wife may sue her husband for a debt due to her before marriage, but the extraordinary thing is that although she may sue him, he has no right whatever to sue her for similar pre-nuptial debts. Apparently he cannot even set off such debts against her claims.

Since the Married Women's Property Act of 1882, a wife has the fullest and most absolute control of her own property, whether she acquired it before or after marriage.

Yet the husband is liable to pay income tax on his wife's income even although she refuses to contribute in any way to the household expenses. If he does not pay he may be sent to prison, and no method exists by which he can recoup himself from his wife.

A husband is liable in damages for any tort his wife may commit, a tort being a "wrong independent of contract" and including such matters as slander, negligence, trespass or assault.

For example, she may be driving a motor-car against his express wishes and may cause damage to a third party amounting to thousands of pounds. Judgment can be given against the husband, and on that judgment he may be made bankrupt.

If she should discuss the shortcomings of a mutual friend with too great frankness over a cup of tea, the husband can be made a co-defendant and held pecuniarily responsible for the freedom of his wife's tongue. If she speaks about a domestic servant while indignation has got the better of her he is responsible.

And he cannot claim any part of the damages from his wife, although she is possessed of a large fortune.

Even if his wife threatens to do any of these things he cannot apply to the courts to restrain her.

In fact he is helpless.

And as a last straw, "so great a favourite is the female sex of the laws of England," under no circumstances whatever can a husband sue his wife for any wrong she may have done him.

If a husband wrongfully converts any of his wife's property to his own use, she can bring an action against him in the courts, but if she converts his goods his remedies are restricted and almost valueless.

All this has come about through the chivalrous male desire to remedy the admitted injustice and inequality of woman's legal status. Adjustments have been made from time to time in the wife's position without any steps being taken to put husbands on an equal footing.

What is now required is a "Married Men's Relief Act" which will deal with men's wrongs rather than women's rights.

Unless that is done and the laws relating to marriage and divorce are equalised, it is probable that many potential husbands with comfortable incomes may become increasingly shy of entering double harness.

With regard to children of the marriage a mother now has, in most respects, the same rights as the father.

Indeed, if any unfortunate matrimonial dispute should arise and the matter come before the courts, in nine cases out of ten the judge or magistrate will regard the mother's claim as paramount.

Useful Charm

And she is almost invariably given the custody of the children while the husband is still compelled to pay for the maintenance of both mother and offspring.

In the case of an illegitimate child the mother has, of course, sole charge.

Actions for breach of promise are another sphere in which women have it all their own way, for no man can hope to be a plaintiff in such cases with any chance of success.

Woman is also favoured by the law in that she is the only sane person of full age who, if charged with any crime except treason or murder, is allowed to say that she committed the offence of which she is accused but is not guilty because she acted under her husband's coercion.

This, the law presumes, hinders her being a free agent.

In this connection, however, it is only fair to record that women as a whole are infinitely more law-abiding than men.

In this country last year there were 725,000 crimes committed by men and only 82,000 by women.

Perhaps this fact, coupled with her own charms, explains why she generally seems to get off a good deal lighter than any man charged with the same offence!

High-Speed Relief

"HOSPITAL—and at once!" commanded the doctor.

The West Lothian man he was addressing looked surprised.

"What, for feverishness and a sore throat?" he asked, in the manner of a man who had had such things before.

"You've got diphtheria," answered the doctor.

So to hospital he went, to be made more happy, anyhow, than the wife left at home to worry about the money side of such a situation.

Her worry soon ended. She remembered the wide protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme, took pen and paper and wrote to us.

And a week later her husband was writing to JOHN BULL.

* * *

"We have just cashed your cheque," he said. "I was amazed at the speed our claim was dealt with by your staff. I was wondering how it was possible to get particulars of an illness and receive the cheque all within a week.

Do you want that help in a dark hour? The coupon is on page 3. Sign it, and breathe more freely.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' WEEKLY WARNINGS

Watch 'em

ARTHUR GORDON, of 18a, The Avenue, West Ealing, London, W., whose curious money-lending proposition I criticised recently, has other irons in the fire.

He sold a reader lists of names and addresses of people supposed to be stamp collectors.

They might have been onion fans for all the response received.

Gordon says he can supply names and addresses of persons interested in all kinds of things.

I'm sure he can!

* * *

ELMER E. KNOWLES, of the Psychology Foundation, Brussels, is still offering his £8 system of personal influence and healing at bargain prices.

For years the special offer has been on the point of being withdrawn!

He is just a humbug, and his nonsense would be dear at any price.

* * *

DON'T bother with The Free Church Diary and Directory, for which the Editor, A. Gordon, of 31, Endlesham Road, Balham, London, S.W., is busy canvassing advertisements.

One reader who paid a deposit had great difficulty in securing return of some of his money after he had waited impatiently for publication.

* * *

BEWARE, too, Thomas Middlemiss, of Beech Grove, Whitley Bay, Northumberland, who takes advance payments for advertisements to be exhibited in sub-post offices.

His excuses for delay in putting up the announcements would try the patience of a Job.

* * *

NEWEST dodge in the tea bonus racket is that the householders who have lived longest in any street are being selected to receive the tempting cash prizes.

They would have to live as long as Methuselah to get those illusive awards.

* * *

WELL-DRESSED, an Indian is going round seeking the names of those who will support the "International Brotherhood of India"—without any financial obligation.

But to those who will subscribe he offers a lucky charm worth about a penny!

* * *

IN Wales many people are being spoofed by doorstep salesmen who declare that a tea service will be sent to everyone who buys two gross of a new make of razor blade for 12s.

* * *

ANOTHER widespread ramp, particularly in the North, is the sale of cheap electric bulbs at prices ranging from 1s. 3d. to 3s.

They are offered as being exactly like the powerful 50-watt lamp which is demonstrated.

* * *

VISITING cards at 2s. 6d. for 500 is the bait of still another doorstep tout busy in the Leicester neighbourhood.

He takes payment in advance, and that is the last seen of him.

£400,000 HAT MYSTERY

AN astonishing financial tangle woven round Itas, Ltd., a public company formed by three Swiss hatmakers to run their factory over here, must be cleared up.

Mr. Arthur Rawlins, who took control after big discrepancies in the accounts, unknown to other directors, had been discovered, has made a very full and frank statement to the shareholders and creditors.

But much more searching questions need to be put to the three men chiefly concerned with the total loss of about £400,000.

They are Gustav Ulrich Ita and his sons, Paul and Heinrich.

Until they were compelled to leave the Board of Directors Gustav Ita had kept a record of certain deals in a secret ledger at the factory at Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire.

Many thousands of pounds were involved in these transactions, and although the company was liable they were not disclosed to the auditors when they were preparing the first balance-sheet.

Included in tha balance-sheet also were about £45,000 worth of assets since found to be fictitious or valueless.

Gustav Ita was Chairman of the original concern taken over by the new public company, and the bigger part of these assets were supposed to have been transferred.

Two of the items related to stocks of fur valued at £32,099.

One consignment worth £17,966 was stated to be on its way to the factory.

"This fur was never delivered at Aylesbury, was never in transit, and probably never existed at all," states Mr. Rawlins in his report.

Remainder of the fur stock was certified as being held by a subsidiary company in Austria.

"Mr. Ita," adds the report, "has admitted that it is non-existent."

Stock at the Aylesbury factory valued by Gustav Ita and his sons when they were directors was found to have been estimated at a figure in excess of the gross selling prices realised during the preceding year.

It was later discovered that much of this stock was of inferior quality. A great many of the articles had been rejected by customers as faulty.

So that at the end of the first year's working there was actually a heavy loss instead of the profit which had been shown in the accounts.

That was not all.

Gustav Ita, it was found, had dealt extensively in bills ever since he first came here about six years ago.

These were the deals recorded in the secret ledger, and Itas, Ltd., formed with publicly invested money, was committed to a liability of £61,400 which was not disclosed in the first balance-sheet.

Clearly it is the urgent duty of the authorities to ensure that Mr. Ita and his sons are made to explain their handling of the affairs of this big company.

Complicated financial transactions of the Ita family have been reported to Sir E. H. Tindale Atkinson (above), Director of Public Prosecutions. (Below) Section of the Aylesbury factory

Pedlars Who Exploit Ex-Servicemen

THERE is a general desire to help men who served in the war.

That is why the Sheffield Joint Council of Ex-Servicemen really must do something about an arrangement they have with a local firm of cutlery manufacturers.

Because ex-soldiers are employed this company is allowed to use the mark "Loyal Service—S.J.C.E.S.M. Association" on certain cutlery sets they sell.

They supply these sets in large quantities to wholesalers with whom, they say, they have done business for many years.

But apparently anyone may buy these goods from the wholesalers, with the result that pedlars are obtaining big prices for them from householders by professing that they represent some ex-Servicemen's organisation.

Frequent complaints reach me.

One man, as I revealed recently, was making a profit of 500 per cent. in this way.

Some of the articles he employed men to sell were these cutlery sets from Sheffield.

* * *

It is only to be expected that when people discover they have been hoodwinked by pedlars they feel chary about responding to appeals from genuine ex-Servicemen's organisations.

Excellent though the intention behind this arrangement with the Sheffield cutlers may be, the local Joint Council must realise how the cause of ex-soldiers generally is being harmed.

Doubtful

"PAY your guinea a year—and we give you an Eldorado."

In effect, that's what the Professional Business and Traders' Association, of First Avenue House, High Holborn, London, W.C., offers members.

Their interests, they are assured, are promoted and safeguarded by a central organisation.

Also the Association undertakes to negotiate facilities for loan capital for the expansion of businesses, the formation of companies, partnerships and many other services.

It must all be very flourishing because district representatives are offered a commission of 25 per cent. as well as a salary of £2 a week if they secure twenty-four new members each week.

All the same, I should not advise anyone to place their trust in the concern, because I see that the man running it is Gordon S. White.

When last I dealt with him some years ago he was, with his two brothers, behind a number of dubious concerns.

Jail for "Rev." G. Nathail

GLASGOW police quickly got on the track of the "Rev." George D. Nathail, whose collecting activities I dealt with a fortnight ago.

It turns out that he is an Assyrian, whose real name is Disho George Nathail de Ato, and £150 was found on him when he was arrested.

He could not, of course, prove that he was authorised to represent any refugees' organisation as he told prominent citizens in Edinburgh and Glasgow.

When he landed in the country a few months ago he said he had been here 25 years ago.

So he had, but that time he was selling carpets!

He was sent to prison for ten days while the question of his deportation was considered.

IMPUDENT BLUFF OF BOGUS PRINCE

The Nizam of Hyderabad. Ahmed Husain falsely claimed to be his nephew.

GUESTS at the castle of a German Princess were thrilled recently to learn that one of their party was subscribing £15,000 to Hitler's Poor Relief Fund.

They imagined him to be His Highness Prince Ahmed Husain, nephew of the Nizam of Hyderabad.

Arrangements were made for a deputation from Berlin to receive the generous gift.

Just in time it was discovered that the charming young guest was no more a Prince than the principal boy in a pantomime

The cheque which he had written out with a great flourish was torn up and his stay at the castle ended suddenly.

Now he is back in London and is still keeping up his absurd masquerade.

Many people over here have been fooled by Ahmed, and it is time that his little joke—if that's what it is—was unmasked.

It seems that he is related very remotely to the Nizam of Hyderabad, but he has no right to any kind of title.

His father, a man of some wealth, sent him to England to be coached for Oxford University.

It was while he was attending a private tutor's school near Oxford that he met the son of the German Princess at whose home he staged his biggest bluff.

The German wrote to his mother and told her about the Indian Prince with whom he had become friendly.

"Bring him along with you when you come home on holiday," she wrote back.

So off went Ahmed to Salzburg.

He did not travel with the Princess's son, but followed a few days later accompanied by a young Englishman he had engaged as his equerry!

From a fashionable hotel where he was staying he sent his luggage to Victoria station in the name of Prince Ahmed Husain, and it was insured for £700.

At the castle he frequently wore spectacular Indian dress and spread an aura of fabulous wealth round himself.

Not only did he offer his big donation to the Fuehrer's Poor Relief Fund, but he promised he would arrange for the entire house party to go, at his expense, to one of his palaces in India.

One of the guests was Captain Weidemann, who was Hitler's personal adjutant until his recent appointment as German Consul-General in San Francisco.

For the Princess's son Ahmed wanted to buy a superlative motor-car of special design.

He seemed to enjoy promising the most expensive presents.

Yet the young man acting as his equerry could not obtain any money from him on account of the salary he expected or expenses.

Still he was thoroughly enjoying his holiday in Germany, and wrote to his mother in London telling her so.

Naturally, she felt she would like to write to the Prince thanking him for taking her son along with him.

Being doubtful how she should address him, she sought advice from an official quarter, and was astounded to learn that he was not a Prince at all.

When she conveyed this surprising news to her son in Germany there was consternation at the castle

Among other things, it was discovered that the luggage Ahmed had brought with him was worth nothing like the £700 for which he had insured it.

The young man, who had in perfectly good faith acted as equerry, promptly returned to London, but His Mythical Highness slipped over to Paris before he came back.

When he reached London he relived the fairy tale, and I find that his picture bearing his imposing self-given title appeared in a well-known weekly paper devoted to dogs. It was taken when he attended the Kennel Club Show.

He was described as "a keen student of dogs who has a kennel of Afghans, Smooth Fox, and Airedale Terriers in the Hyderabad State of India."

At the club's banquet he was named in the list of guests as Prince Ahmed Husain.

When the chairman proposed the main toast he began his speech by referring to "Your Highness."

All this might be very amusing as the plot of a musical comedy.

But, while there is no suggestion that this youthful Indian has used his preposterous masquerade to secure any financial gain it is downright impertinence to hoodwink people in the way he has been doing.

It should be somebody's business in official circles to put a stop to it at once.

We have been asked to say and we willingly do so, that Mr William Furniss, a confectioner, who has recently opened a new business at 261, Stockport Road, Longsight, Manchester, is in no way connected with a business carried on by Nathan Gordon—who was recently criticised in these columns—in Stockport Road, Manchester.

Public Benefactor

Mr. Peter Cardy, of 52, Gilmour Street, Glasgow, C.5, is awarded the £1 1s. this week for promptly advising me of an interesting development in a case in which I am interested.

All readers can help in my crusade. Mark your envelopes: Public Benefactor.

Snack Bar Snags

QUICK-MEAL counters are the newest Eden flung open to men asked to invest money to obtain employment.

One concern called the Red and White Snack Bars, of Princes Buildings, Dale Street, Liverpool, is advertising for managers to open branches on Merseyside and in the North Wales towns of Rhyl, Colwyn Bay and Holywell.

A Rhyl reader was offered control of a new bar in Liverpool at a salary of £3 10s. a week and 5 per cent. commission on all takings.

To obtain the post he had to put up a cash security of £100.

However, before handing over any money he took the precaution of going to see what the bar was like.

He says he could not find any trace of it, and when he called at the office in Dale Street it was stated there had been some difficulty with surveyors.

But, he was assured, everything was now all right.

When he explained that he could find only £50 he was told that would do, but he said he would make further enquiries.

I can find no trace of the company having yet been registered, though the Liverpool address is described on note-heading as the registered office.

Enquiries have also reached me about another company offer of jobs in snack bars to men who are ready to provide a cash security of £20.

My urgent advice is that no one should part with any money in these circumstances before making the most careful investigation.

Why He Died in Despair

CONDEMNED to die by tuberculosis, John Walmsley, of Oldham, worked feverishly to finish a new mechanised kiln and dryer for brick-making.

When experts confirmed the value of his clever invention he was happy in the thought that his wife would be amply provided for when he died.

He got in touch with Christie and Co., company promoters and investment brokers, of Weetwood Chambers, Albion Street, Leeds.

In the end he parted with all his remaining savings of £50 to register a company, and that is as far as his dream went.

When he died about two years later the concern still merely existed on paper.

By that time endless delays had broken his heart.

Since then his widow has not been able to obtain any satisfactory information from Christie and Co. about the disposal of her late husband's invention.

At one time they told her that when they could sell the patent rights she would receive two-thirds of the money.

Later, after long delay, she was informed that the rights had lapsed and that the patents now belonged to the public, so that she was not entitled to anything.

Friends have now taken up the matter for her and searching enquiries are being made.

The man actually behind Christie and Co., I find, is Vernon George Huggins, who was made bankrupt in 1929.

No doubt that is why his wife is shown as the registered owner of the company.

His advertised offer to find capital for businesses boils down, at any rate in this case, to the familiar request for preliminary fees.

That's all the satisfaction that poor John Walmsley obtained when he was unfortunate enough to place his valuable invention in the hands of Mr. Huggins

Come, Mr. Watson!

THE Rev. J B. S. Watson, of Upham, Southampton, must hold the book-boosting record of all time.

It is nearly thirty years since he wrote a little volume of essays on "The Formation of Character."

He seems to have conceived the idea that for the benefit of humanity this masterpiece ought to be given away, and *ever since* he has been soliciting donations to funds for that purpose.

Whatever merits the book may have—and it is important to remember that it was written in 1908—I cannot see why in the world the public should be expected to contribute to its free distribution.

If all authors resorted to this method of selling their books there would quite rightly be a general outcry.

A GOOD PIPE TOBACCO FOR 10½d. ONLY

A Revelation

AT 10½d. PER OUNCE

Medium-strength brown leaf, cool and lasting. Specially packed to preserve character and weight. At all tobacconists

Here is the name!

One-ounce moisture-proof packets **10½d.**

'Lucky Jim' Shag 1-ounce packets 9½d. *Two-ounce tins* **1/9**

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EARLY HOLIDAYS in the Golden West

Cornwall, Devon, Somerset and Dorset — those lovely western counties — exercise an irresistible charm and fascination. They call you again this year to choose your holiday resort within their borders.

EARLY HOLIDAYS ARE BEST, BECAUSE

- **The Countryside is never fresher than in early Summer**
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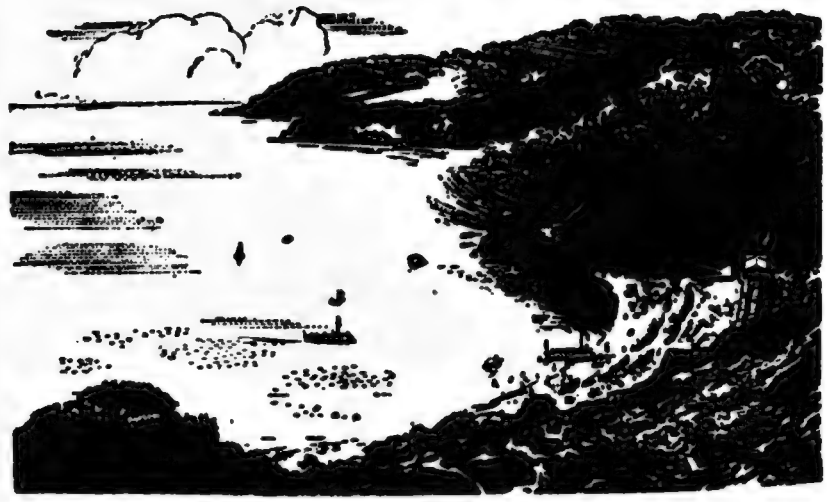
- **You have the advantage of cheaper accommodation**
- **Early travel is comfortable travel**



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Cheap "Monthly Return" Tickets by any train, any day, from all parts.

WHEN YOU GET THERE

Cheap 1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets, issued from April 1st to October 31st, will enable you to see the best of your chosen holiday district.

All information will gladly be supplied by the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, London, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station or the usual Tourist Agencies.

GWR

TAKE YOUR HOLIDAYS EARLY

We Accuse!

JOHN BULL'S searchlight is still turned on cases of suffering and injustice for which officialdom is responsible.

The four stories on this page are picked from hundreds. We demand an end of these needless tragedies.

New Chance for Palace Groom?

EVERYONE at some time or other has seen in the picture pages or on the news-reels a photograph of Mr. John Gabriel.

Yet few would identify him by name, for he was the man in mediæval livery walking at the wheel of the State coach.

Gabriel, however, will not appear again on Royal occasions. He has been dismissed from his post—in circumstances which seem to justify reconsideration.

For six years he was in the Royal Horse Artillery. His smartness as a soldier and his efficiency in caring for animals were such that he was recommended for civilian employment in the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace.

In his special charge were some of the famous Windsor Greys which draw the State coach and landau.

Posts at the Royal Mews—Gabriel's wages were £2 15s. a week—are coveted for the prestige and security which they usually provide for a good horseman.

For four years all seemed well for Gabriel and his future. Then, on a recent Sunday morning, at holiday time, disaster came.

He should have reported for duty at the Palace at 6 a.m., but he was half an hour late.

He expected to be punished. But he was unprepared for the nature of the actual penalty.

Men employed at the Royal Mews are required, in turn, to do four hours' night-work, for which they are paid an overtime allowance. The "sentence" passed on Gabriel was that he should perform this work without extra pay.

He protested against the verdict. Most he should be expected to forfeit, he said, was one hour's pay for the half-hour of absence.

This plea was not accepted. Gabriel regarded the loss of the money to his family as serious. He lives with his wife and three children in Walton Street, Chelsea, and the fine, he estimated, would be equivalent to depriving his home of food for a day.

His refusal to accept the penalty was regarded as "disobedience to a superior officer," and he was sacked.

There is no unemployment benefit for men at the Royal Mews who lose their posts. So Gabriel and his family have now to depend on Means Test relief.

JOHN BULL PRESENTS THESE FACTS IN THE SURE EXPECTATION THAT THEY WILL BE SYMPATHETICALLY CONSIDERED BOTH BY THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, THE MASTER OF THE HORSE, AND SIR ARTHUR ERSKINE, THE CROWN EQUERRY.

Mr. Friend, whose wife was driven insane by a German bomb in the war. Germany paid £26,000,000 for compensation in such cases but the money went to the British Treasury. And £600 has been exacted from Mr. Friend for his wife's maintenance

Wrecked by War, Robbed by State

CRUELLEST deception by a British Government in this generation occurred after vanquished Germany was made to pay £26,000,000 as compensation for civilians who suffered loss or injury from air attack on this country.

The money was not handed over to victims, or used for their benefit. It was confiscated by the State for its own purposes!

That callous robbery from those who were ruined or maimed by bombing is now growing into something even more shameful.

Many people, for instance, driven incurably insane by air raid experiences, are still in asylums.

Germany paid to the last shilling demanded.

But to-day the authorities are making it a general rule that helpless air raid victims must now be fully supported by their families or relatives.

The case of Mrs. Lilian Friend is one example out of a number made known lately to JOHN BULL.

Twenty-two years ago, enemy 'planes made a midnight attack on the naval depot at Gillingham, Kent. A heavy bomb fell twenty yards from Mrs. Friend's house in Pretoria Road.

An hour later the woman, clutching her baby, was found running wildly through the streets. She was demented.

Under the care of neighbours and friends she made partial recovery. And when her husband, who had been in the Royal Navy for twenty-two years as a chief petty officer, returned from war service he devoted himself to nursing her. She received constant medical treatment, but it was clear that complete collapse was inevitable.

The poor woman became homicidal.

She was placed under detention, certified and removed to an asylum near Canterbury.

She is still there. The past seems to have been blotted from her memory. She does not even know her husband.

It was for the relief of cases like these that Germany was required to pay the millions which were so outrageously appropriated by the Government. Not a penny from that indemnity has been spent on Mrs. Friend's behalf.

Instead, the authorities have made her husband, who is a motor fitter, solely responsible for her maintenance. Already they have extracted £600 from him for the purpose.

After being deprived of his wife's company for all these years, he is ordered to pay £1 3s. 4d. a week for her support in the asylum. And he was warned a few days ago that he may expect to have to pay still more

THE GOVERNMENT, WE SAY, MUST SWEEP AWAY SUCH SCANDALS. AND IT MUST BE DONE NOW.

Patriot No. 1 May Lose Job

FEW men of his age can have done more to prepare themselves for the country's service than thirty-year-old Mr. J. S. Donaldson, of Castle Street, Whitwick, Leicestershire.

He has:

Served a full engagement of four years with the Territorial Army, obtaining non-commissioned rank;

Become proficient in every branch of first-aid and ambulance work and had his efficiency recognised by the award of two diplomas and two gold medals;

Been trained, entirely at his own expense, as an air pilot to become a member of the Civil Air Guard, so that, if needed, he may be ready for service with the R.A.F.;

Enrolled in the police reserve for special duty, if required;

Qualified in every branch of A.R.P.;

Set aside his motor-car for the use of the authorities in emergency.

For ten years, in fact, Donaldson has given almost every hour of his spare time so that he may be fitted for any task if called on

He is an ordinary working-class man—a motor lorry driver. Now his employment is in danger.

For a young man he has had a remarkable commercial road record. He drives not less than 40,000 miles a year, and had a total of nearly 600,000 miles in his log books.

And, until the other day, he had never committed any kind of offence or been in a single mishap.

Then he was involved in a slight collision while driving from a side road—where his view was obstructed by a high hedge— into the main highway.

When he was charged with carelessness, Donaldson showed his fourteen clean driving licences. The magistrates were told that the comparatively small offence was his first. They were told, too, of his splendid voluntary work for the country.

But they did not seem much impressed. They imposed a penalty, including costs, of £4. *And ordered his licence to be endorsed*—a serious matter for a lorry driver seeking work in these days.

WE APPEAL TO THE HOME SECRETARY TO ERASE THE LATTER PART OF THE SENTENCE AT LEAST. OTHERWISE, THE FUTURE MEANS OF LIVELIHOOD OF THIS FINE YOUNG FELLOW MAY BE JEOPARDISED.

He Never Came Back

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD Harry Bowcock, who is neither insane nor mentally afflicted, is in a Lancashire asylum.

Three years he has been there, living day after day among lunatics and imbeciles. And, it seems, he will be in the place for the rest of his life.

The manner in which he came to be detained is an indictment of the system by which so many young people lose their liberty under the loose lunacy laws.

His experience shows how a boy can lose all his rights—even the right to claim independent medical testimony to prove his sanity.

Because he had not been very bright at school, the welfare authorities persuaded Bowcock's parents, who live at Elgar Street, Longsight, Manchester, to allow him to enter an institution.

There he was to receive what was supposed to be supplementary education.

What actually happened was that the fifteen-year-old boy was taken to the mental ward of a workhouse and put to work there, scrubbing kitchen floors, attending helpless patients, and so on.

So that he might be removed from such surroundings, the father asked for the lad to be allowed to join the Army. This was refused.

When Harry was at last returned to his home, he was soon being pestered by wastrels whom he had met at the workhouse.

Under their influence he stole at his work.

Court proceedings followed, but the young man was given back to the care of his parents. At once the lunacy authorities pounced again.

Two welfare workers called one day and asked Bowcock to accompany them for medical examination.

He did not come home again—he has never been home since. From that day he has been behind asylum walls.

The only reason given for keeping him in captivity is that his father has not been in work lately.

Officialdom callously ignores the reason for the sorrowing parent's unemployment.

It is because he was wrecked in health by war service!

'Well, what's in the news?'

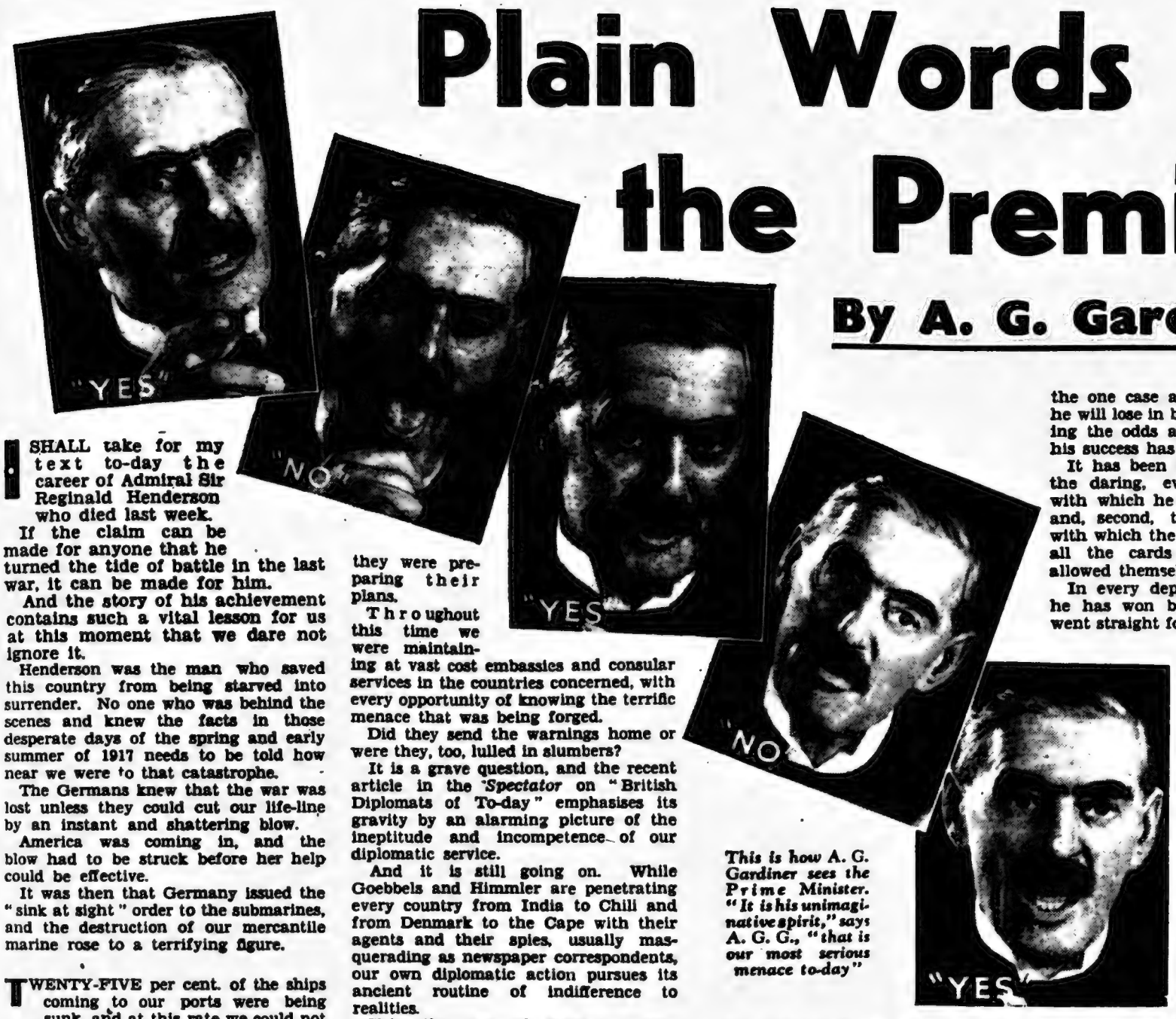
Player's are always in the picture...

Fresh happenings . . . changing events. But day by day, the quality of Player's remains constant. Bringing pleasure to cigarette smokers everywhere. Always a source of enjoyment because of the excellence of the famous Player tobacco.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES • MEDIUM OR MILD • PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED • 10 for 6½d. 20 for 1/0½d.

Plain Words to the Premier

By A. G. Gardiner



This is how A. G. Gardiner sees the Prime Minister. "It is his unimaginative spirit," says A. G. G., "that is our most serious menace to-day"

I SHALL take for my text to-day the career of Admiral Sir Reginald Henderson who died last week.

If the claim can be made for anyone that he turned the tide of battle in the last war, it can be made for him.

And the story of his achievement contains such a vital lesson for us at this moment that we dare not ignore it.

Henderson was the man who saved this country from being starved into surrender. No one who was behind the scenes and knew the facts in those desperate days of the spring and early summer of 1917 needs to be told how near we were to that catastrophe.

The Germans knew that the war was lost unless they could cut our life-line by an instant and shattering blow.

America was coming in, and the blow had to be struck before her help could be effective.

It was then that Germany issued the "sink at sight" order to the submarines, and the destruction of our mercantile marine rose to a terrifying figure.

TWENTY-FIVE per cent. of the ships coming to our ports were being sunk, and at this rate we could not have survived to the end of the year.

The peril was averted by Henderson. Alone in the Admiralty he had fought for the convoy system.

He fought unavailingly, but he knew that it must come, and he prepared his plans so that they could be put into instant operation.

At the word "go" the whole scheme was in action, and it was that foresight of one man that saved the country in what was really the supreme crisis of the war.

The 25 per cent. of sinkings fell to 1 per cent., and by the autumn the peril had passed. Our life-line was saved.

I recall this incident now, not because this particular peril will come again. I do not think it will, for two reasons.

There will be no question about the convoy system if war comes again, and, unless our experts are greatly mistaken, the reply to the submarine has been found.

I recall it for general application in another respect.

IT SHOWS HOW THE FATE OF THE NATION IN TIMES OF DANGER HANGS UPON THE MEN WITH BRAINS, VISION AND THE GENIUS FOR ACTION BEING IN THE POSITION OF POWER AND INFLUENCE.

It is in this respect that widespread and growing apprehension prevails at the present time.

WE are in the presence of the most far-reaching and formidable conspiracy in history, and all the evidence goes to show that we have been outwitted and out-manœuvred.

To take the most flagrant of all illustrations—the astonishing ease with which the gangster powers lulled our Baldwins and Chamberlains to sleep during the fatal three years in which they were preparing their plans.

Throughout this time we were maintaining at vast cost embassies and consular services in the countries concerned, with every opportunity of knowing the terrific menace that was being forged.

Did they send the warnings home or were they, too, lulled in slumbers?

It is a grave question, and the recent article in the *Spectator* on "British Diplomats of To-day" emphasises its gravity by an alarming picture of the ineptitude and incompetence of our diplomatic service.

And it is still going on. While Goebbels and Himmler are penetrating every country from India to Chili and from Denmark to the Cape with their agents and their spies, usually masquerading as newspaper correspondents, our own diplomatic action pursues its ancient routine of indifference to realities.

Take the case of South America, which in the past had become for commercial purposes almost an extension of the British system.

We financed its industries, built its railways, and are still by far the greatest market for its exports.

YET our position is being filched from us by ruthless propaganda, by corruption of the Press, by barter arrangements which, subsidised by the State, undercut our contracts.

Nothing has been done to counter this terrific campaign, and nothing will be done while the present palsy afflicts our administrative machinery.

In recent weeks Mr. Hudson, the Minister of Trade, has made a tour of the Northern capitals

He is one of the two or three men in the Government who are awake to realities.

I ask him this: Is he satisfied with his experience of how we are fighting the battle of trade in this emergency? Or is he alarmed by it?

Remember, Hitler is fighting his battle on two fronts. He is out to make Germany master of the world politically by fear of her arms; but concurrently he is using the economic espionage and propaganda weapons to dig himself in and oust us from our strongholds.

He is paying an enormous price for it. But he is gambling on the lightning blow in the economic field as well as in the field of war.

If he does not bring it off he loses in the one case as in the other. I think he will lose in both fields. But, considering the odds against him at the start, his success has been staggering.

It has been due to two things, first, the daring, even reckless intrepidity with which he has gambled with Fate and, second, the paralytic feebleness with which the democratic powers, with all the cards in their hands, have allowed themselves to be hoodwinked.

In every department of the struggle he has won because he had an aim, went straight for the mark and had men of diabolic ingenuity who were out to "win or lose it all," and because, opposed to him, there was neither a policy nor the men to give effect to it even if there had been.

There has never been in any department, political, economic or diplomatic, a glimpse of that vision and understanding of the enemy purpose by which Henderson saved this country in 1917.

EVEN NOW, WHEN THE WHOLE CONSPIRACY IS UNVEILED AND WE ARE DRIVEN TO ACTION, THERE IS THE SAME HALF-HEARTED SHILLY-SHALLYING THAT HAS BROUGHT US TO THE BRINK OF DISASTER.

Most disquieting of all is the obstinate refusal of Mr. Chamberlain to get the right men in the right jobs.

He has, with many excellent virtues, the dislike of the pedestrian mind for genius.

He wants men about him who will say "Yes, yes," and who will minister to the incurable self-complacency that leaves him untaught by the most tragic experiences.

His is the spirit of heavy-handed, unimaginative authority which at the Admiralty nearly quenched the flame of Henderson's genius and brought this country to the brink of surrender.

It is this spirit that is our most serious menace to-day.

It maintains Lord Stanhope at the Admiralty while Mr. Churchill, unforgiven for having been right while all the "Yes" men were wrong, is thrust back in a corner.

SIR ARTHUR SALTER, whose achievements in the last war were hardly less remarkable than Henderson's, is ignored.

Labour is uncouthly handled, and when at length Mr. Chamberlain is compelled by public opinion to set up a Ministry of Supply, he gives the job to Mr. Burgin.

And this spirit of deadness and stagnation, set from the top, permeates the services—diplomacy, trade, propaganda are all stamped with the same uninspired lack of vision and initiation.

Have we to wait for disaster before this obstinate exclusion of brains from the service of the nation is broken down—before the lesson of Admiral Henderson is learned?

Human Machine

THE chief business of life is, clearly, to live. What does this phrase "to live" mean? How are we to interpret it in terms of every-day action?

The late Arnold Bennett once put it in a way that could hardly be bettered: "This day is before me," he said. "The circumstances of this day are my environment. They are the material out of which, by means of my brain, I have to live and be happy, and to refrain from causing unhappiness in other people.

"It is the business of my brain to make use of this material. My brain is in its box for that sole purpose. Not to-morrow! Not next year! *But now! To-day, exactly as to-day is!*

"The facts of to-day, which I regarded primarily as anxieties, nuisances, impediments, I now regard as so much raw material from which my brain has to weave a tissue of life that is comely."

What we have to realise, you see, is that the only time that really belongs to us is the present.

The past is gone. Its only use is that from a study of it we can, if we wish, learn lessons and get hints of what to avoid in the future.

The future—well, the future is a very uncertain quantity.

So what you want to do, do to-day. At any rate begin it.

The proper use of the present is the only way of making life work.

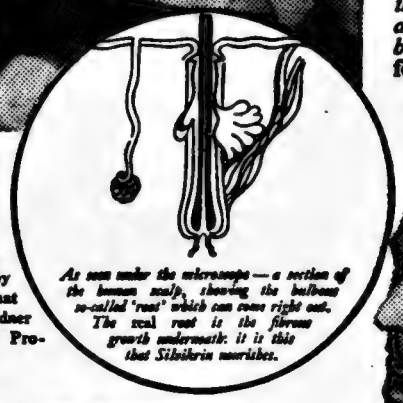
IF YOU ARE GOING

BALD

take Professor Polland's advice

Professor Polland, the great dermatologist of Graz University, sums up the result of his researches into the cause and cure of baldness in these words — 'Ninety per cent. of baldness is due to the starvation of the hair roots. When the blood stream fails to feed the hair roots, I invariably prescribe Silvikrin, because it is the natural food the hair must have.'

No man or woman need any longer fear baldness. The cause and cure of baldness has been thoroughly and scientifically investigated with amazingly successful results by such brilliant men as that famous bio-chemist Dr. Weidner and Professor Pincus and Professor Zuntz.



As seen under the microscope — a section of the human scalp, showing the bulbous so-called 'root' which can come right out. The real root is the fibrous growth underneath: it is this that Silvikrin nourishes.

IT has been discovered by the famous bio-chemist, Dr. Weidner, that there are fourteen separate and distinct organic elements in the natural food the hair must have for its healthy growth. These fourteen elements have actually been prepared and combined in Silvikrin in *Nature's exact proportions*. When the blood stream fails to feed these elements to the hair roots, dandruff, falling hair and even baldness result, and the only thing to do is to apply Silvikrin — *because it contains the missing elements*. That is why Silvikrin has been so astonishingly successful in clearing up dandruff, stopping hair falling and actually growing new hair.

Look up YOUR hair trouble below — see what you need and get your Silvikrin TO-DAY!

THIS MAN WAS GOING BALD!

See for yourself, in the photograph above, what a thick head of hair he has to-day—thanks to Silvikrin. Now read his letter:

Windmill Theatre, London, W.1.

Dear Sirs,

About two years ago my hair started coming out in handfuls, and bald patches appeared. My wife kept on at me to do something about it, but though I spent pounds on treatments, it got steadily worse. At last I tried Silvikrin. There was a big improvement with the very first bottle, and today I have a fine thick head of hair, as you can see by my photo.'

(Sgd.) V. J. Hall

WHAT YOU NEED

SILVIKRIN LOTION for your daily hair-dressing to protect you from dandruff and falling hair, to keep the scalp healthy and the hair vigorous, lustrous, and well-groomed. If you still possess a healthy head of hair, the regular use of Silvikrin Lotion will maintain it in perfect condition.
Bottles, 1/6, 3/6, 8/-.

PURE SILVIKRIN the concentrated natural hair food in cases of severe dandruff, heavy loss of hair, thinning hair, bald patches and threatening baldness. Bottle, 6/-, sufficient for one month.
From chemists, hairdressers and stores.

Silvikrin DOES GROW HAIR

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Turn to "JOHN BULL'S Shop Window" Page

—*See page 2!*

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"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped. GUARANTEED 3 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be used and will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. Pocket clip 3d. extra.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 2/3 EXTRA, incl. Clip
State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.

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VALUE 3d

NORMA KNIGHT -continued

Humphrey and Norma's first real quarrel!

Norma is worried. She knows Humphrey is jealous of her friendship with Jack Lindsay, her leading man.

LOOK HERE, LINDSAY, THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU TAKE MY WIFE OUT! I'M WARNING YOU!
JUST A MINUTE, CARSON, LET ME EXPLAIN... I.. ER....
PLEASE — BOTH OF YOU— LISTEN TO ME!

Norma, with clear conscience, invites Lindsay home. Humphrey is jealous and angry

DON'T BE SO SILLY, HUMPHREY, IT'S ALL QUITE HARMLESS. JACK ONLY ADMIRES ME AS HE WOULD ADMIRE ANY GIRL WHO USES KNIGHTS CASTILE

Norma knows how much men admire a lovely skin. But she does not waver in her loyalty to her husband.

Their first quarrel over. The thrill of making up. Humphrey and Norma vow never to quarrel again.

Who can blame Humphrey for being jealous of Norma? Her complexion is so glowingly lovely. She owes it all to Knight's Castile, the creamy toilet soap that softens and refines skin texture— the toilet soap that prevents "Tired Skin."

Knight's Castile

SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE.

4D PER TABLET U.K. ONLY

What of the film Jack and Norma have just completed? Will it be a success? Look out for the next episode.

KC 242-66-68 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1830

ACT THREE of "MUDDLING THROUGH"

The Farce [and Tragedy] of stupid A.R.P. blunders

"John Bull" exposed A.R.P. chaos twice recently. We warned Sir John ("Muddling Through") Anderson—he prides himself on the Briton's ability to scrape through somehow—that we would keep at him till there was an improvement.

So far there has been no improvement. Continuing our campaign, therefore, we sent a reporter to spend a week investigating A.R.P. on the spot.

We chose, at random, the county of Hertfordshire — outer dormitory of London. We told him to get the real story from this half-rural, half-suburban district. Here it is:

SCORES of thousands of men and women leave Hertfordshire towns and villages every morning to earn their livings in the City or West End.

They travel back at nights to their families—and their national service duties.

You would expect such a county to have A.R.P. problems rather different from those of the districts in which most people work within a stone's-throw of their homes.

It has as it happens. But you can't get the occupants of Whitehall's swivel chairs to realise that simple fact.

They persist in looking at the district through London spectacles. They persist in looking at every county in Britain through London spectacles—and not very clear ones at that.

They rain down regulations, instructions, orders, counter-orders and amendments on this particular county and then, when somebody says that a certain demand doesn't suit local requirements, answer back with :"How dare you contradict. We know: you don't."

Yet every day they are showing just how little they *do* know.

For instance, they told Hertfordshire a few weeks ago that it had too many air raid wardens, that no more should be accepted.

NOW it is true that people here are very enthusiastic.

A.R.P. organisers and their personnels are keen as mustard. Many wardens had been accepted and properly trained before the September crisis.

But local officials felt it was time to do a bit of explaining to Whitehall.

"Remember that this is a dormitory county," they said, "that most of our air-raid wardens are in London from morning till night.

"In the daytime, pretty well our full complement of women and children, invalids and so on are at home, but very few of the air-raid wardens who should protect them."

Said Whitehall in its mysterious way: "We have laid down a scale."

Local A.R.P. chiefs became still more eloquent.

"Permit us to let you know that unless an enemy can be persuaded to stage his air raids between 7 p.m. and 7 a.m. out of consideration for the local conditions prevailing, we are hopelessly lacking in air raid wardens."

And Whitehall, becoming more expansive, answered this time: "We have laid down scales, and scales must be adhered to."

THERE were men and women anxious to supplement those keen air-raid wardens who had to seek their livings in London, and who asked no payment for doing so. Yet Whitehall quibbled about . . . *scales*.

Well, it happened that in the ensuing fortnight local public opinion forced Sir John Anderson's lieutenants to relent a little.

They permitted a small increase in wardens, after the loss of valuable weeks of training.

But now they are making worse blunders in other directions.

There is the question of air raid posts.

In these small or medium-sized towns where inhabitants are distributed far more sparsely than in London, there is to be one warden's post to, roughly, each 500 of population, just the same as in densely-packed London.

So local enthusiasts have done a bit more explaining to Whitehall.

They have pointed out that even in the towns the population is by no means dense.

And the houses are not all grouped round a compact square as they so frequently are in London. The distance round a few score houses may be more than half a mile.

One warden showed me his area, both on the map and during the course of a patrol.

When an air-raid warning is received, two wardens will be expected to go out and clear the streets, direct people to shelter, and, at night, see that all lights are obscured.

Another glimpse of A.R.P. chaos. This big block of L.C.C. flats in North London —housing hundreds of families—has only the one shelter you see in the foreground

Normally, as they have been instructed, they will have little over ten minutes for this.

Yet their beat extends well over two miles!

No matter how they plan their round of visits, they will have to do more than half a mile of steep hill climbing.

WEARING A GAS MASK AND CUMBERSOME PROTECTIVE SUIT, NO MAN COULD *WALK* THOSE STREETS IN MUCH LESS THAN 40 MINUTES!

But here's the point: if gas bombs should ever fall they will have to walk that beat from end to end, for the gas alarm has to be sounded by rattle.

And that won't be the last miracle expected of them.

When the hooter has sounded "Raiders passed," the inhabitants will not be allowed to go on the streets immediately, or to take off their respirators. They won't have to do so till the warden's hand-bell indicates that gas is no longer about.

Another 40 minutes' work for the warden!

The sensible arrangement, you would think, would be for the two wardens who have to patrol a particular beat to split it between them, and therefore do it in half the time

BUT Authority, in its all-surpassing wisdom, has ordained otherwise. It has provided one hand-bell only to each post.

With one half of its queer brain Whitehall is looking on large parts of this country as safety areas. It is arranging to increase their peace-time populations by from 30 to 40 per cent. with people evacuated from London.

Incidentally, it hasn't increased the personnel or equipment of the A.R.P. services to enable them to cope with the needs of this bigger population.

That, as I say, is how one half of its brain sees the local problem.

The other half, however, is beginning to see the danger. If the defence of London itself is successful, it is over the outlying towns and villages that the "dog-fights" will take place.

In badgering and harrying the local councils to carry out Sir John Anderson's elaborate instructions at top speed officials point out that these safety regions are actually just the reverse.

They impress the local authorities with the fact that fighter 'planes and anti-aircraft regiments will, to a great extent, keep the raiders out of London, and that it will be over surrounding districts that the dog-fights will take place.

Over this county bombs may be unloaded, not singly but in dozens, in desperate efforts to gain height.

All these things have been pointed out to Sir John Anderson's department.

And the department shows, in its replies, not merely that it doesn't understand problems peculiar to the type of county, but that it is ignorant of the district's characteristics.

It is laid down in regulations that wardens, members of decontamination squads, auxiliary firemen and others will be provided, while on duty in wartime, with anti-gas protective clothing.

WELL, during the last few weeks some of these suits have arrived.

Remember that they must be worn by people who must deal with incendiary bombs, and by wardens who are told that they must, if possible, fight fires themselves without calling the brigades.

With each consignment of suits comes a notice:

IMPORTANT, ON NO ACCOUNT MUST NAKED LIGHTS OR SMOKING BE ALLOWED IN THE STORES, AS THE MATERIAL OF WHICH THIS CLOTHING IS MADE IS HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE.

A lighted cigarette mustn't be put near those suits! Have you ever seen an incendiary bomb in action . . ."

And so the A.R.P. authorities blunder on.

A local warden put it to me that the biggest national service that could be performed would be to awaken these authorities from their lethargy and help to end the delays and muddles for which they have been responsible.

That is just why we refuse to leave Sir John ("Muddling Through") Anderson alone.

Don't Miss It!

THIS week on pages 4 and 5 are full details of one of the greatest Presentations ever made by any journal to its readers.

JOHN BULL offers to every one of its million and a half readers the opportunity to obtain a magnificent £7 7s. Sheffield-made Canteen of Cutlery on astonishingly low privilege terms.

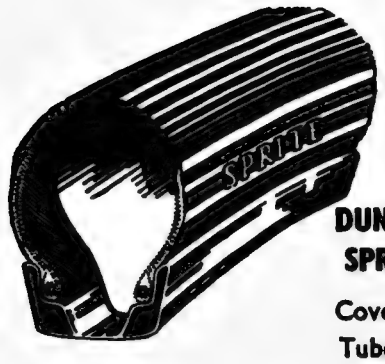
There are eighty-four gleaming pieces in a beautiful case of rich Jacobean Oak shade.

This opportunity is within the reach of all. The extremely generous terms enable you to obtain really high-quality cutlery that will last for years, and you'll hardly notice the cost.

Complete and post the reservation forms on pages 4 and 5 without delay. The demand is certain to be tremendous, and JOHN BULL urges you to apply immediately to secure this magnificent Presentation before it is withdrawn.

DUNLOP CYCLE TYRES

the experienced cyclist's choice



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See the three new tubulars. No. 0 for very fast short distances on extra fine surfaces. Price 21/-.

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9H/316

1
BUT, JANE, THESE MUDDLES OF YOURS ARE COSTING US BUSINESS. THE CUSTOMER WAS FURIOUS!
I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, JOE, BUT I CAN'T HELP MAKING MISTAKES WHEN I'M SO TIRED OUT.

2 THAT EVENING
IT ISN'T HELPING IN THE SHOP THAT WEARS ME OUT, IT'S THE WEEKLY WASH. BY THE TIME I'VE SCRUBBED THE CLOTHES CLEAN ON MONDAYS, I'M FIT FOR NOTHING FOR THE REST OF THE WEEK.
BUT, JANE, THERE'S A WONDERFUL NEW, EASY WAY TO WASH THAT SAVES ALL THAT DRUDGERY. I'LL SHOW YOU NEXT MONDAY.

3 THE FOLLOWING MONDAY
I'M SURE THESE 'EASY' METHODS AREN'T THOROUGH. I WANT THE CLOTHES CLEAN.
AND THEY WILL BE! RINSO WILL MAKE THE WHOLE WASH BRILLIANT WITH JUST 2 MINUTES' BOILING FOR WHITES, 12 MINUTES' SOAKING FOR COLOUREDS, AND NO HARD RUBBING AT ALL!
Rinso

4 A LITTLE LATER
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF RINSO NOW?
IT'S SIMPLY SPLENDID! THE WHITES ARE DAZZLING AND THESE COLOUREDS FRESH AS NEW! RINSO'S SAVED ME HOURS OF HARD WORK AND 30 MINUTES' FUEL AS WELL. I'LL ALWAYS USE IT FROM NOW ON.
Rinso

5
WE'RE DOING SO WELL NOW, WE CAN AFFORD "ORE HELP IN THE SHOP. I CAN'T HAV". YOU OVER-WORKING, DEAR.
BUT I'M NOT, JOE! WHY, I'M NEVER TIRED THESE DAYS—THANKS TO RINSO AND EASY WASHDAYS!

SCIENTIFIC CURE FOR WASHDAY WORRIES

Swift, new washing methods save drudgery—yet get clothes brilliant

NO woman today need be a washday drudge! Thousands of users of the wonderful scientific Rinso methods have proved this—and so can *you*, if you simply:

Give whites the Rinso 2-minute boil. Don't rub or scrub them. Just damp any extra-dirty places and smooth in a little dry Rinso. Then pop the clothes into lukewarm Rinso suds and bring them to the boil, as usual. They'll be absolutely snowy after *just 2 minutes at the boil!*

Soak coloured things in hand-hot Rinso suds for 12 minutes—they'll be gloriously fresh and bright!

Woollens and fine things, of course, need only a quick wash-through in cool Rinso suds. They'll be lovely!

Give these splendidly easy methods a trial next washday! Your local shop has Rinso in 3 sizes—price 3½d., 6d. and 1/-.

RINSO

2 2756-663-65 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

"GENTLEMEN—THE QUEEN!"

HANNEN SWAFFER'S WHO'S WHO

I FIRST saw Queen Elizabeth in Westminster Abbey, when, as Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, she became the Duchess of York—fourth lady in the land, but with no prospects, so far as one could see, of ever becoming Queen.

That wedding, splendid though it was, was to an extraordinary degree symbolic of change in an Empire in process of new birth as a Commonwealth.

"Here was no mere pomp of a Royal ceremony," I wrote next day, "no vulgar display of rank or wealth or fashion, no exclusive gathering of statesmen and soldiers.

"It was an Abbey filled with representatives of every rank and class in the land, from the Premier himself to working men and boys chosen from the shops and factories, conditions in which the Duke of York had done much to improve."

William Jones, the truck boy, sat among the highest in the land, and Jack Clynes, the gas-worker, who became a Privy Councillor and Home Secretary, was mixed up with folk of noble birth.

Shop girls were there among the titled ones.

Who could have written for the films a story so romantic as that of the simple Scottish girl, of high lineage, but unknown by name to nearly all the people of Britain, who was led to the altar by no less a person than the King's second son?

"If Cinderella herself had walked to her marriage," I wrote, no sweeter, fairer, more charming bride could have been seen."

Yes, it was just like a fairy-tale.

Queen Mary, seeking a wife for her son at a time when marriage with foreign royalties would have been very unpopular, was happy to find that the Duke of York whole-heartedly agreed with her own choice.

Lady Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Strathmore, stayed at the Palace, at the Queen's wish, and there she and the Duke fell in love.

They have been in love ever since. When you see them together, you know that.

He turns to her continually with a simple lack of affectation. She, looking a little worried, because of his stammer, when he has to speak, beams at everything else he does.

It was indeed fortunate for our country that, when Edward VIII abdicated, there was a younger brother much more fit, by reason of his adaptability, for the position of King.

CONVENTION rejoiced because it knew that the new King and Queen could do nothing to offend. They would never kick over the traces. They would never be late. Harassing duties could never make them rankle.

They were very nervous at first, these two. Queen Mary invariably accompanied them wherever they went, but soon she retired into the background.

Now, Queen Elizabeth is behaving everywhere she goes as though she had been born to fill her high position.

Soon she will have captured the hearts of the American people as, last summer, she enraptured the populace of Paris.

It was incredible to see a woman who, until then, had her clothes made very simply by her old dressmaker, bursting forth radiant as a queen of fashion.

Why, she made even the Parisiennes look dowdy!

Soon the Queen will become the most popular visitor who ever entered the White House. For the Americans, of all people, admire—or envy—married happiness. It is a theme which runs through much of their most popular literature.

Many Americans seek it, in vain, by trying another wife. The King succeeded the first time.

SOON, IN THE UNITED STATES IT WILL BE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" EVERYTHING. NEW YORK WILL BECOME HYSTERICAL. EVEN MORE SEDATE WASHINGTON WILL BE EXCITED.

An impression by George Whitelaw of Her Majesty. Soon, says Hannen Swaffer, she will have captured the hearts of the American people as, last summer, she enraptured the populace of Paris

Well, if you want a proof of the King and Queen's simplicity, you need only recall how last week, on the first night of the Opera Season, there was the Royal Box booked for the entire Covent Garden season. But the King and his wife were at the Victoria Palace, singing "The Lambeth Walk" with the audience, as they laughed excitedly at the humours of "Me and My Girl."

Most monarchs would have made a pretence and listened with polite patience to operatic music to which they were indifferent.

But—"Let's have a night out," said the King to the Queen. And they did.

Yes, soon, Franklin Delano Roosevelt will be wrapped round Queen Elizabeth's finger, as was the President of the French Republic. As for the King, he is deeply interested, by reason of his old-time welfare work when he was Duke, in the innumerable social experiments instituted by Franklin D. which are nothing short of a social revolution.

HE will hear all about what has been done for the coalfields of Pennsylvania, and contrast it, no doubt, with what has not been done for the coalfields of South Wales, Northumberland and Durham.

One of Queen Elizabeth's charms is her great sense of fun. She can laugh at herself. During one of her tours she saw some brown children marching with the white ones and asked what they were.

It was explained that black men had married white women, and I remember she asked, "When black men marry white women, do they have brown babies? What happens when white men marry black women?"

Then, suddenly realising that it was really the same thing, she burst out laughing at her own ingenuousness.

If you want to get a line on Royalty, ask the Press photographers. After all, they have to worry them more than anybody else, for their job is to follow kings and queens everywhere and photograph them time after time.

Some high-placed people regard this as an awful bore and are rude.

The Queen, all the photographers tell you, knows exactly what to do. She can sense the kind of picture the photographers want. And she poses with a perfect naturalness.

Now this may seem a trivial thing; but how would you like to be photographed everywhere you went, time after time, day after day? Think of that when you see the Queen's smile in the pictures.

I shall long remember how, in the darkest hours of the Munich crisis last September, the Queen went alone to Glasgow to launch the *Queen Mary's* sister ship, which is to bear her own name. The King was chained to London by the worries that were shaking the world.

YOU may have heard her speech on the air. This was the first time the Queen had broadcast. Yet she read her speech with a clearness and steady confidence that was surprising. She acted it, too, with a naturalness that amazed me.

The message she read on behalf of her absent husband was heard by millions.

"He begs the people of this country to be of good cheer, in spite of the dark clouds hanging over them and, indeed, over the whole world," said the Queen. "He knows well that, as ever before in critical times, they will keep cool heads and brave hearts."

It was a moment of intense drama. People around me were weeping as they heard, for the future of the world was in the balance.

Yes, many times in recent years, I have accompanied the Queen on tours and during visits, seen her the centre of the world at gala performances in London and in Paris, watched her among the humble, unknown people.

Always she has conquered everybody by her obvious good nature, by her womanliness and by her sweet simplicity. And she has such a merry little twinkle in her eye. . . .

"The Greatest of These . . ."

UNFORTUNATE ex-Servicemen helped by JOHN BULL readers suffer through these days of international anxiety.

Sometimes the men who answered Britain's call 25 years ago are forgotten. Yet every post brings us heartrending appeals from the ex-soldiers who are now too old or too broken in health to work. And we hope readers will be as loyal now as they have always been.

In the Great War John McKenzie, of Liverpool was gassed and lay helpless in hospital for five months. He has no pension. Twelve months ago he lost his wife. Since then life has been an unending struggle.

His eldest daughter, aged 29, is unable to work owing to heart trouble, and his son, 16, is unemployed and without clothes in which to apply for a decent job. His two other children cannot go to school as they have no boots.

Harassed by poverty, this unhappy man is unemployed, and he finds his age bars him from work.

From his unemployment benefit, rent of 10s. 6d. for a basement has to be found.

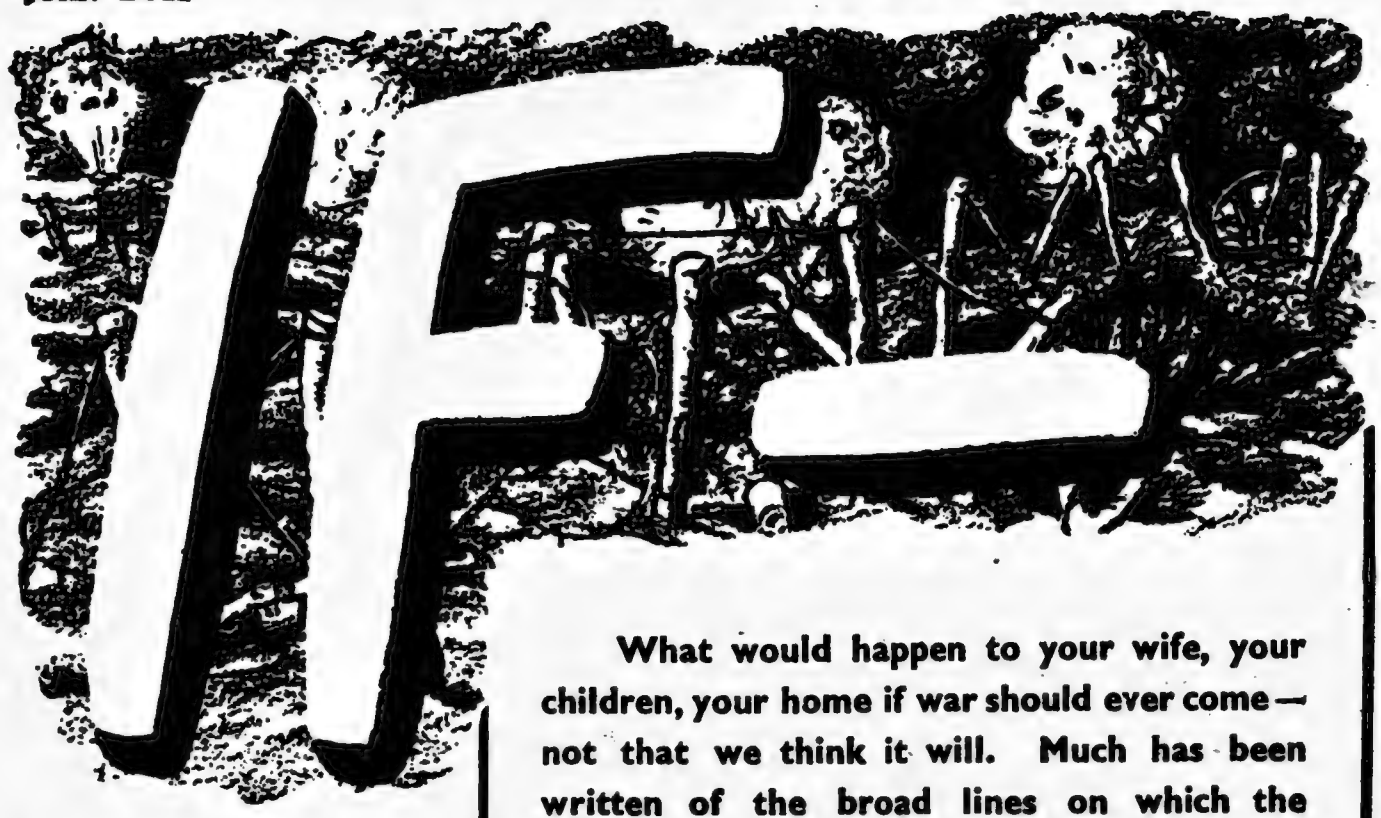
She has no shoes

The local Vicar speaks highly of the family and unhesitatingly recommends Mr. McKenzie for help.

Will you send a donation to cheer this hard-pressed family? Earmarked "Gassed," to the Hon. Sec., JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

All sums will be gratefully acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

As is generally known, all administration expenses connected with the fund are borne by JOHN BULL.



What would happen to your wife, your children, your home if war should ever come—not that we think it will. Much has been written of the broad lines on which the country would be run. But little has been said of the everyday things that are so vital. Who will pay your rent? Who will feed your family? What will happen to your job, your wages, your motor car?

JOHN BULL answers these questions in the light of preparations already complete.

FIRST, consider your job. If you, as an able-bodied man, should be called from your work to serve with the colours, would your job be reserved for you?

With the immediate shrinkage of your income, how could you meet your normal recurrent liabilities—your rent, rates, taxes, insurances?

Impossible to give a definite reply to these questions, but one can give a forecast, based on present official deliberations, of what the ultimate answers will be.

If the necessity arose some measure aimed at safeguarding as far as possible the civilian jobs of men serving with the Forces would undoubtedly be rushed through Parliament.

It would be similar to, but much wider in scope than, the present legislation to prevent victimisation of young conscripts.

Defaulting employers would probably be liable to a stiff fine and a substantial compensatory payment to the employee.

There would be no more promises of saved jobs lightheartedly given and shamefully broken. And no more "muddling through."

An increasing number of firms are offering not only to reserve their workers' jobs but to make up their army pay to a figure approximating to their present scale. Other firms are busy seeing how they can follow suit.

It is a valuable pointer. . . .

Your Income

At first glance a disturbing problem to the family man who joins up. Would your income not shrink to a nominal payment a day?

Yes, but appearances here are deceptive. . . .

There would first of all be an allowance for a wife and for each child. For the women at home there would be countless jobs, bringing for most families an added income.

If evacuated women and children are billeted on a home the Government would help by payment of five shillings for a woman and three shillings for ach child.

And other grants are likely in special circumstances.

Parallel with this adjustment of income would be plans to lighten your liabilities.

Rigid Government control would stop attempts to profiteer over rent. Cases of genuine inability to pay would be investigated locally by special commissioners.

Their report would go to a Central Committee empowered to make grants to tenants.

What of Rent?

Suppose your family were evacuated? What of rent payments on the home left behind? You could expect this to be taken care of under a Civil Liabilities Bill: Some arrangement in lieu of payment on furnished but unoccupied premises.

Nearly 2,000,000 people in Great Britain are buying their homes through building societies. How would they be affected?

THE GOVERNMENT HAS GIVEN AN ASSURANCE THAT NO-ONE WILL HAVE TO GIVE UP HIS HOME BECAUSE—FOR REASONS OF STATE SERVICE—HE CANNOT CONTINUE THE PAYMENTS ON IT.

Payments on capital would probably be suspended for a time, and the buyer would meet interest payments only, an official of one of the big building societies told JOHN BULL.

"It would mean, in effect, a big reduction in mortgage payments," he said. "For example: Assuming a person had borrowed £500, the normal weekly repayment on the twenty-one year scale would be 14s. 6d.

"If he is paying interest only on the current rate at four and a half per cent., the annual charge to him would work out at £22 10s.—under 10s. a week.

"It would simply mean that he would buy his house over a longer period."

Even so, further Government help would be forthcoming where necessary.

Similar arrangements will be made for furniture hire-purchase agreements; special assistance will be given to men with heavy expenses.

A Civil Liabilities Scheme will provide grants so that men will not have to draw upon their savings.

No decision has yet been made about insurance policies. Premium payments would probably be suspended for a period, as during the last war.

During and after the war the companies paid all claims in full. A greater strain might be put upon them in the event of another general war, but their combined resources are greater nowadays. They amount to hundreds of millions.

Those lucky enough to have money in the Post Office or the bank can take heart. It will be perfectly safe there.

If your local post office or bank were put out of action and the books and records destroyed, it would make no difference to you.

Since the last crisis all records have been duplicated—and the duplicates are well guarded elsewhere.

No Queuing

There would be no run on the banks and there should be no breakdown of organisation.

And now a word to housewives about your food.

Do you remember the popular war doggerel that went like this?

Half an inch, half an inch, half an inch onwards,
Nearer the butcher's shop moved the six hundred.
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to have a try.
Saturday's joint to buy,
Noble six hundred!

Well, housewives, you would not have to do *that* again. No more food queues, and if the Government has its way, no more food profiteers offering eggs at ninepence each and butter at three-and-nine a pound.

Importing and buying foodstuffs would be a Government monopoly; your retailer would be the distributor.

The shopkeepers would operate through 1,400 local food committees, who would immediately release 60,000,000 ration cards.

Your shopkeeper would have his list. Prices would be controlled, and queues eliminated.

No food profiteering. No buying up of supplies "on spec." Food retailers will be unable to trade unless they have a licence from their committee.

This primary scheme would continue for three months, after which 20,000,000 more ration cards would be issued and a more elaborate scheme introduced.

The extra 20,000,000 cards would be for people who, by reason of the class of work on which they were engaged, would be entitled to receive extra meat rations.

All these cards are now being printed as a safeguard against forgery.

Free Supply

Evacuation of women and children at the outbreak of hostilities would present a big food problem, but arrangements have been made to give each person a 48 hours' free supply.

Make no mistake. Rationing would next time be introduced immediately.

From the word "go" you would be rationed in meat, according to its price; and in bacon, ham, butter, margarine, cooking fats and sugar. These commodities would be rationed by weight.

There might be a shortage of bacon, for it is perishable, and, it is said, there is never more than a fortnight's supply in the country. Eggs too, are likely to be short. But the milk supply should be ample for your needs.

So don't be surprised if you had to forego bacon and eggs sometimes at breakfast.

Our pictures show some of the features of everyday life which are affected by the Government's emergency plans. Cinemas would at first be closed. Your house would be protected even if you can't pay mortgage instalments. Radio amateurs would be warned off the air. Your office or factory would probably be transferred out of City areas.
And because cars would be conscripted, there would be a boom in bicycles

But it is comforting to know that already arrangements have been made to take over immediately an emergency arose such bodies as the Wheat Commission.

The Livestock Commission and Potato Marketing Board would also be affected.

The Milk Marketing Board would probably continue to function as in peace time, but it would be under the supervision of the Food Controller.

A series of telegrams sent out from Whitehall and the huge emergency food machine would be in action.

Black-Out

You would be compelled to make your house "light-tight." You would have dark blinds, dark paint or brown paper pasted round the edges of the panes to shut off "chinks" of light.

Factory owners would have to follow your example. Already the A.R.P. Department at the Home Office has told them what to do, even what to use to make blinds opaque.

The recipe is a mixture of lamp-black and size or dark paint or distemper.

Messy, but effective!

So much for you and your home.

What would our cities and towns look like in emergency?

Let's walk down a city street at night.

An emergency Lighting Order has cast a black cloak over the community, screening it from possible eyes in the sky.

No street lamps. No winking neon signs; no blaze of light outside your super-cinema; shops looking—outwardly—empty and dead. Trains and buses in utter darkness.

The cloak of darkness lies over your street, your town or city, over the whole country.

If you live in London, or in an industrial town or city exposed to air attack you would miss the solace of the cinema or theatre.

All large places of amusement in the danger zones—theatres, football fields, greyhound tracks, anywhere attracting crowds—would be closed for two or three weeks until the extent of the danger was gauged.

Then the Government would allow a number of cinemas and such-like entertainment places to be open in specified areas.

YOU WON'T BE DENIED THE CINEMA FOR LONG. IT HAS BECOME ALMOST AN ESSENTIAL SOCIAL SERVICE, A POWERFUL INFLUENCE FOR KEEPING UP MORALE. MADRID PROVED THAT.

The B.B.C., of course, would immediately become a State department, although its entertainment programmes would continue. All radio amateurs would be warned off the air.

Walk through the heart of the city. Big offices closed and deserted because of the tide of business flowing outwards to the suburbs and so-called neutral areas.

But *not* to the areas which harbour evacuated mothers and children.

Big business houses would be directing operations largely from branch offices, furthering a Government policy of decentralisation.

Typists would catch their morning train *outward* to business.

Plans are all ready now for such a reorganisation. Firms have spent thousands on alternative accommodation for their staffs, sometimes well out in the country.

Documents have been copied; some concerns have photographed their ledgers page by page on cinema films.

The London Midland and Scottish and London and North Eastern Railway Companies, for instance, are ready to move at short notice to shadow headquarters "well away from London."

The City of London, which normally has a population by day of 500,000, would also be "evacuated."

And a visitor would find Whitehall, centre of Government, practically empty. Small staffs would be left in charge there, working in the Ministries' underground rooms.

The Government would be away, the Civil Services would be out to the west.

Petrol Ration

The visitor would find the British Museum closed, its most priceless treasures taken into hiding somewhere in the north of England.

It would be a strange London.

More than 2,000,000 people would have been evacuated, and at least another 500,000 would have gone to live with distant friends.

This "floating" population would be spread out throughout the whole of the south of England.

Greatest change of all would probably be on the roads. Private transport would be heavily restricted, private cars and motor-cycles, except those on national service, would be taken out of commission.

It would be done by stringent cutting of petrol supplies to conserve fuel for the Services.

Using Great Britain's 178,000 miles of roads would be 500,000 goods vehicles, and the number of road transport operators would be 200,000.

These operators would work in groups under their own leaders and would manage "fleets" of twenty-five to 100 vehicles.

The groups would undertake general deliveries to all traders in the twelve administrative areas, thus ensuring the distribution of your food supplies.

Railway horses in cities would be withdrawn wherever they would add to congestion and slow up transport.

There are still 13,000 of them at work.

All transport services would be skeletonised. You would have to use the train whenever possible. Sales of bicycles would rocket and the canals would be a vital artery for merchandise.

Britain would realise the grievous lack of adequate roads— a necessity which JOHN BULL has been stressing for years.

*

There you have a general picture, drawn as accurately as possible with available data, of what is likely to happen.

It shows admirable foresight, as far as it goes. It is a monumental piece of organisation which we pray will never be needed.

Give praise to the men behind it, to the public-spirited men and women of Britain who make it possible.

But there is one big flaw in the organisation for Home Defence.

All this careful planning to adapt our everyday life to war-time conditions presupposes a lack of panic.

And our A.R.P.—in its present state—could not guarantee that.

We Must Know

JOHN BULL declared recently that the A.R.P. muddle must be ended. Elsewhere in this issue we show how little has been done.

Every single citizen must know exactly what to do in an air raid.

And everyone must have confidence in the wardens, fire-fighters and ambulance workers now being trained.

The volunteers are made of the right stuff—and they are doing their best in face of persistent official maladministration.

Could we avoid panic? The whole of our Home Defence measures hinge on that vital question. It is the Government's duty to see that the answer is "Yes."

At Mrs. Fluke's — 3

A Tale of a Stranger's Self-Sacrifice

— by —

B. L. JACOT

"'E was playing with Jasmine—an' that solemn little mite as I'd never been able to make smile even, was chuckling and laughing at him"

MR. DAS *feels it keenly*

AS sounds of argument reached the snug basement kitchen from the hall above, Mrs. Fluke paused for a moment in her ironing.

When the front door slammed the good-hearted old gossip moved her plump figure neatly over to the window, and drawing aside the lace curtains was just in time to see beyond the area railings the gesticulating figure of an Armenian, bright rugs over his shoulders and a red fez on his head.

The coffee-coloured young man seemed upset about something.

"You shouldn't 'a bin rude to 'im, Annie," she reproved mildly as her orphan maid-of-all-work returned from her expedition up to the front door. "I've never seen one as 'ad ever sold one of them rugs yet."

"Y's'm." What the landlady of No. 9, Orsetto Road said was law to Annie.

"But 'e wouldn't go away, m'm, and he got that angry."

Mrs. Fluke banged down her electric iron on the cuff of one of young Mr. Sheridan's very artistic shirts from out of the bag wash, and snaked the iron up the sleeve skilfully.

"They can't always help it," she said. "I think some of those dark people from the other side o' the world"—the buxom old lady screwed up her forehead for the right way of expressing it—"Well, sometimes they feel things more than wot you and me would, if you see wot I mean."

"Y's'm." Annie eyed her mistress expectantly. Proud of the fact that between the two of them they ran the neatest, most respectable, and most comfortable boarding-house in Fulham, and over such jobs as cooking, ironing and bed-making Annie was always ready to listen open-mouthed to the widow's stories, even when she had heard them often before.

"They don't think o' things quite the same way 's we do, and that *is* a fact," Mrs. Fluke added.

"With folk like that a body couldn't say what way a thing is goin' to take them, or what they'll do, no more'n with a wild animal as finds 'is cage door open. It reminds me of young Mr. Das. You'd never 'a' guessed the thing 'e done. Well—it upset me proper for months, it did. 'E was a queer one!"

"Y's'm." Listening wide-eyed never seemed to affect Annie's work. It seemed to go on automatically. "What did 'e do, m'm?"

It was afore your time, Mrs. Fluke explained. 'E come to me from the University, recommended, and 'e was from India somewhere, not been in the country twenty-four hours.

You never seen such a funny lookin' creature. I reckon 'e'd be about eighteen, but they look older. My! 'E was thin as a rake, with round glasses and eyes so big that was about all you could see of 'im.

But 'e'd got one of the sweetest, nicest natures of anyone I ever met, in spite of his face, which wasn't much whiter'n coal.

I come 'ome one evenin' in the rain with me shoppin' from the North End Road and I see someone sitting on a box on the step. It gives me such a start when I saw 'is black face, with 'im bowing and showing his white teeth in a smile that a'most split his face in two.

'E'd carried 'is box along from the University, where 'e'd come to study all the way from India, and one of my lodgers 'ad tried to get him to come indoors out o' the rain, but 'e wouldn't come in, seein' as I wasn't there to give 'im permission.

I reckon that was why I took 'im in, 'im being coloured. But 'e had plenty of money—I found out afterwards 'e'd saved up enough for two years at the University and brought it with 'im in 'is box, and I give 'im the little room over the scullery at the back—that was afore I had it repapered.

Well, I didn't regret it. 'E never gave no trouble. In fact, all he seemed to want was to please everybody, and he'd smile very polite at you when you spoke to 'im, whether 'e'd understand what you said to 'im or not.

At that time I'd got Mrs. Banks up in Mr. Sheridan's attic room. She'd come to me only the day before, with her baby, sayin' she'd been recommended to me down the street.

But I knew soon's as set eyes on 'er no one 'adn't recommended 'er, like I knew Banks wasn't 'er proper name. No one would take 'er in for what she'd got to pay, seein' as she had to leave that little girl days while she went out lookin' for work.

Well, that girl was the prettiest thing you ever saw. She'd be goin' on for three and just like 'er mother to look at and no trouble to me to 'ave in the kitchen while 'er mother was out.

Course I knew there was trouble somewheres, but I never asked no questions. Not my place. You could see Mrs. Banks wasn't the sort anyone would ever give a job to.

She couldn't do nothin', for a start, bein' the helpless sort—like a doll, blue-eyed and very fair—naturally fair, I mean, and no more than twenty at the most. She give me eleven pounds to keep for 'er, and I knew that was all she 'ad.

The first I knew about Mr. Das was a gurgling sort o' noise on the landin' one mornin'.

E' was playing with Jasmine—that's the baby—an' that solemn little mite, as I'd never been able to make smile even, when her ma was away from 'er, was chuckling and laughing at 'im as if she'd known 'im all her life.

You'd 'a said that mite would 'a yelled her head off at the sight of a heathen with a black face, but that Mr. Das had kind eyes, like you see on a deer, patient and shy and sensitive.

You could tell that all Mr. Das wanted was not to give offence to anybody, and I reckon children and dogs get to know a kind man when they see one.

'E was at home a lot in the mornings workin' at 'is books—you could 'ear him learnin' them off by heart, shuttin' 'is ears and sayin' the lessons aloud.

Those two got to be friends. 'E was always buyin' the mite sweets and things to play with, and you could see 'e was 'appy as a king telling her tales

(*continued on page 26*)

Prepare for Holiday Loveliness now..

Margaret Lockwood uses Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream

SURFACE BEAUTY IS NOT ENOUGH

The complexion you are caring for now will be faded and gone before your holiday begins. But what of the exquisite new tissue—the *underskin*—growing immediately beneath your present complexion? *That's* your holiday beauty: begin to cherish and enhance it now.

Make the magic-ingredient cream your regular beauty care. Potter & Moore's powder-cream not only gives your complexion a perfect matt powder finish but works to-day for to-morrow's beauty! Its secret ingredient penetrates your surface complexion right through to that lovely, growing underskin—to make it more radiant and beautiful than you ever thought possible. Use it regularly from now until your holiday, see how it brings out the loveliness within!

Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream is obtainable everywhere in six flattering shades. Tubes 6d.— Mirror-fitted jars 1/- — Dressing Table jars 2/6.

POTTER & MOORE'S POWDER-CREAM

"Brings out the Beauty Within"

USE BEFORE SMILING. MAGNESIA WHITENS TEETH.

Isn't it a fact that the instant you smile, eyes light upon your teeth? If you are afraid to show your teeth, here is good news. Thanks to the discovery of what 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid does to the acid stain and film on tooth enamel, people with the dingiest teeth are making them gleaming white. There is one toothpaste called Phillips' Dental Magnesia which contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' It is such a marvellous whitener of tooth enamel because it instantly neutralizes harmful mouth acids which encourage ugly stains, dirty colour and tartar. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia to-day and try it. Results will show why over twelve thousand dentists are urging their patients to use it every day. Sold everywhere, 6d., 10½d., 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trademark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

One great mistake about FITNESS

It is a mistake to think that, because you are "getting on a bit," fitness is not for you. Maybe the skipping and scampering of the youngsters isn't. But, after all, that isn't the only way to get fit.

For those who are "not-so-young," the most sensible form of fitness consists in tuning up the vital organs and getting the system into trim, healthy condition—free from Rheumatism, unhealthy fat and the various ills of middle or later age. This isn't difficult to do if, as well as observing the simple rules of health, you take a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of warm (or cold) water every morning.

Fynnon is a blend of the health-giving elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium, for which Spa Waters are famous. These grand "Salts of the Earth" give your system the natural daily assistance it needs. They stimulate liver and kidneys. They gradually rinse away Rheumatism and heavy fat. They refresh the system through and through.

Fynnon Salt every day is simply a Spa Treatment at home and Nature's easiest way to a youthful figure and fitness. Large tins (a month's supply), 1/3 from all Chemists.

"Don't know how we'll get along without you."
"I've told Emily all your little fads. She'll manage splendidly."
That salmon certainly was delicious, Emily. He'll be a lucky man who marries you.
"Oh Dad, it's easy really—you needn't be rich to be particular!"

"You needn't be rich to be particular!"

What could please a faddy man better than a tempting dish of salmon—salmon so rich, so tender that it melts in the mouth; a generous cut from a noble red fish, cooked and sealed in its freshest prime—every morsel a tit-bit, not a drop of goodness lost—John West's Middle-cut, a meal in a moment for a hungry man, a treat at any time for a faddy one.

Insist on the best, and buy

JOHN WEST'S
Middle-cut SALMON

PELLING, STANLEY AND COMPANY, LTD., LIVERPOOL, AND 8 EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3
J.W.120-541

HOLIDAYS ARE JOLLY DAYS AT BLACKPOOL

Willy-nilly you'll be swept into the gay, infectious holiday spirit that dominates Blackpool. Everyone's in such a state of radiant happiness that your cares will fade away as soon as you step from the train. There never was such a place as Blackpool! Stupendous amusements, healthiest ozone in Britain, seven miles of golden sands and a thousand and one outdoor and indoor attractions . . . send for the free guide and see for yourself how marvellous Blackpool is. *Write now to W. Foster, Dept. 14, Town Hall, Blackpool.*

TRAVEL BY LMS

CHEAP FARES . EXPRESS TRAINS

Fighting fit!

—on six loaves a day

READ THIS MOTHER'S LETTER—

18 Manse Way.
Swanley Kent.

Dear Sir. It's not easy feeding fifteen mouths with very little money coming in but I dont think you could find a healthier family than ours anywhere I am sure that our fitness and energy is due to the fact that we eat six loaves of bread every day of the week. I dont know how I should manage if bread was not so wonderfully cheap considering all the goodness in it

Yours truly Mrs E Ashton

BREAD FOR ENERGY

C.F.H.543

continuing

Mr. Das Feels It Keenly

in 'is own language and playing with her like she was a doll.

Yes, 'e took the child off my hands, and then after two or three days 'e met the mother.

She 'adn't found work o' course, but she told Mr. Das when I called 'im in that 'e reely shouldn't buy Jasmine toys and so on. I've never seen such a look as come on Mr. Das's face when 'e saw Mrs. Banks.

Like lookin' at something holy. About all 'e ever said was "Pliss?" I suppose 'e'd never seen anything like Mrs. Banks with her golden hair and lovely skin.

I didn't know it then, but it didn't take me long to see that Mr. Das with 'is thin legs and sunken chest—'e was only a half-pint size an' ugly as sin—worshipped 'er from that minute.

Not that 'e'd say anything or do anything about it—only look at her, like I said, as if she was something sacred and wonderful.

As time went on that child got to be 'is shadow. She'd howl when 'e left her to go to the University, and she wouldn't go to bed 'appy unless 'e was round to tuck 'er up in her little cot and tell her a story in 'is funny language.

Naturally 'e saw a lot of the mother. Mr. Das 'ad got black eyes that could burn a hole in you, and they'd seem to pour all over Mrs. Banks when he looked at her, only she wasn't the sort that'd notice.

Mr. Das would buy a little bunch of flowers every day for the little girl—but I knew who they were for, and at night you could 'ear 'im saying things over to 'imself in his room—poems, I suppose, or something.

I knew who those poems would be about, too, but I don't expect 'e exchanged more than half a dozen words with 'er in all the time 'e knew 'er!

I must say I was nervous about 'im.

'E never was strong, and in spite of my trying to feed 'im up 'e got to look downright ill.

There wasn't much of 'im to fade away, and once he started I knew 'e wouldn't be long before someone'd be nailin' 'im down.

Well, one evenin' Mrs. Banks comes 'ome and there's a big, flashily dressed man with 'er, and if ever I've seen a woman frightened, she was. I could 'ear 'em talkin' in 'er room upstairs, threatenin' the man sounded, and when 'e left I took 'er up a cup o' tea.

It seems the man was 'er 'usbing and a cinema actor, so she said. She had some money when they married, but 'e never 'ad a job, and when it was finished 'e left 'er. 'E'd seen 'er in the street that evenin' and found out where she was livin'.

THAT young Mrs. Banks was frightened 'e would take the baby from 'er, or do 'er an injury.

"I won't 'ave him in the house!" I told 'er. But 'e came in next mornin', and when I got back from my shoppin' I found 'im up on the landin' with Mr. Das. "I won't have a nigger touchin' this child!" he shouted at me. "I'll knock his dirty head off, the——"

"You'll 'old your tongue!" I sez. "Unless you want me to fetch a policeman to you!"

"I'm takin' this child away," he sez. "Try to stop me takin' my own daughter!" He turns on Mr. Das, whose hands are workin' and who looks like he's going to faint. "Get out o' my sight before I kill you!" he yells.

"Mr. Das," I sez, "telephone to the police, quick! 'Ow do I know who this man is, and drunk, too. No! Run out into the street and shout for 'elp."

That settled 'im. 'E was gorn before anyone could move. But 'e came back next evenin' when Mrs. Banks was 'ome, and arter a while she comes down to me for 'er money.

She made such a scene sobbin' I 'ad to give it 'er and she gave it to 'er 'usband, o' course; and 'e went. 'E kep' away for some time after that, but Mrs. Banks wouldn't go out to look for work, cause she didn't want to leave the child, she was that frightened the brute would take it. When 'e *did* turn up, he found Mr. Das playin' with the baby and 'er lookin' on, doin' a bit of ironin' in her room.

Well, I thought 'e'd killed that Mr. Das. 'E knocked 'im down, picked 'im up and knocked 'im down again, and there Mr. Das was, unconscious.

I got the man out o' my house at last, an' I went to the police, who said they'd keep an eye on the place.

The doctor who came round to see Mr. Das told me 'e was very ill, which I knew already, but 'e fixed 'im up, only he couldn't put back the teeth 'e'd lost.

When 'e got well enough to get out of bed it didn't make no difference to Mr. Das. They aren't the same as we are, not by a long chalk. 'E was scared a'most to death, but 'e still bought the flowers every day as ever was, and you'd thought 'e loved that baby more'n ever the way 'e'd play with 'er.

That Mr. Das wasn't much more than a child 'imself, in spite of coming all the way from India, and I expect 'e 'ad a mother somewhere as knew wot a fine son she'd got.

I KNEW 'e 'ad a mother, because I heard from the University 'ow proud she was 'er son 'ad worked hard and saved the money to educate 'imself all that long way from 'ome. If me and my late lamented 'ad ever 'ad a boy I wouldn't 'a minded one like that Mr. Das, only a different colour, o' course.

It must 'a bin a month later Mrs. Banks got a letter from 'er sister in British Columbia askin' 'er to come out and bring the baby.

Anyway, Mrs. Banks was desperate to go, only she hadn't the money—an' it was more than a hundred pounds she had to have. 'Er not 'aving the money upset Mr. Das.

Anyone could see it meant happiness to Mrs. Banks and the baby, but Mr. Das took it bad. 'Is cough was no better and he'd got so thin and sick-lookin' I was sorry for 'im, an' that's a fact.

Then one day 'e came back from the college with 'is face shining. 'E looked a different man.

'E found out that you could get assisted passages out to British Columbia, and all you had to do if you wanted to settle was sign a form promising to repay money that was lent you.

Well, 'e got 'er the money, and went with her to buy the tickets and clothes for herself and the baby, and 'e was like a man walking on air. It did you good to look at 'im.

Last thing, 'e bought a little blue bonnet for the baby, with flowers and ornaments pinned all over it.

MRS. BANKS 'adn't the eart to refuse it, and tole 'im they would always keep it and think o' him.

I was nervous about the 'usbing turning up and stoppin' them, but Mr. Das got them orf. 'E went to Liverpool with them, and I never knew wot 'appened up there. I reckon that little mite Jasmine oughter remember Mr Das, though. 'E 'ad a kind 'eart.

When 'e got back from seeing them on to the boat I wanted to fetch in the doctor to 'im, but 'e wouldn't let me, and next morning 'e was gorn. 'E'd left the money for 'is room up to the end of the week with a note which made out that he made a present of his box and things to me, together with a fan—the one I still got on the wall in my bedroom.

I tried to find out where 'e'd gorn to, and walked my legs orf following up clues they give me at the University for a couple o' weeks. I found out through the Salvation Army in the end that 'e'd shipped back to India as a fireman—'*im*! mind you—'e was arf way there by then.

It was 'is money they'd gone to British Columbia on, what 'e'd saved for 'is edicashun, for there ain't no such society as 'e'd been 'aving us believe.

In fact, I found the typewritten "receipt" Mrs. Banks 'ad signed screwed up in the garden, where it 'ad blown off the roof outside 'is window.

"No," said Mrs. Fluke, straightening her back, and laying aside the iron, "there's some folks as feels things more'n you and me, Annie. It don't do to be too 'asty. Give me a 'and folding these sheets, will you, dear?"

Not from the B.B.C.

Progress won't be denied!

The housewives of old England,
How dutiful they stand,
A tin of something on the bench
A tin-opener in hand!
If only they would learn to cook,
Say, wouldn't it be grand!

Compared with Gretchen and Odette,
The missus is a dud
Who makes an awful hash of hash
And cannot boil a spud!
In fact, Sir Arthur Salter makes
It plain, her name is Mudd!

Let's All Can It!

IF you were half a man, Henry, you'd do something about it, and not allow every Tom, Dick and Arthur to treat the wife of your bosom as no better than a Cabinet Minister, to be shot at by all and sundry.

The latest of her critics, Sir Arthur Salter, M.P., announced to the British Medical Association that, as cooks, British housewives compare most unfavourably with French and German.

We have, of course, heard it before, and, although strongly of opinion that it is a good idea to keep the old trouble-and-strife in her place by ticking her off at reasonable intervals, we are rather tired of this particular tarradiddle.

Too often a visitor to France, in the mellow mood induced by the wine of the country, eats an omelette prepared by the wife of an innkeeper and, comparing it with the boiled beef and cabbage of everyday life, arrives at conclusions like those of Sir Arthur.

To make such comparisons is simply to ask for trouble. It is one thing to tell the wife that her pancakes are not like mother used to make and quite another to inform her that they are inferior to those supplied by some mademoiselle of Armentieres.

This kind of thing breeds revolt. Indeed, rumblings of revolution are audible in the declaration made by Mrs. Henry Haldane to the National Federation of Women's Institutes: "I have a profound respect for the tin-opener as an adjunct of domestic life."

Something out of a bottle,
Something out of a tin:
It often suits the likes of us,
But diet experts fret and fuss
And count such meals a sin.
Two tools they greet with hisses
And fain their use would ban;
But Progress, which won't be denied,
Knew what was what when it supplied
Tin-openers for the missus,
A corkscrew for her man!

Y. Z.

ARE YOU CLEANING ONLY HALF YOUR LAVATORY?

HARPIC not only keeps the bowl spotlessly white. It sweeps right round that hidden bend in the pipe, cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach. It disinfects and deodorises at the same time. You just sprinkle Harpic, leave as long as possible, then flush.

In new easy-flow tins, Harpic costs only 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

You can't be too careful about this hidden half. Your brush won't reach here. But Harpic sweeps right round— disinfects and deodorises.

CLEANS · DISINFECTS · DEODORISES

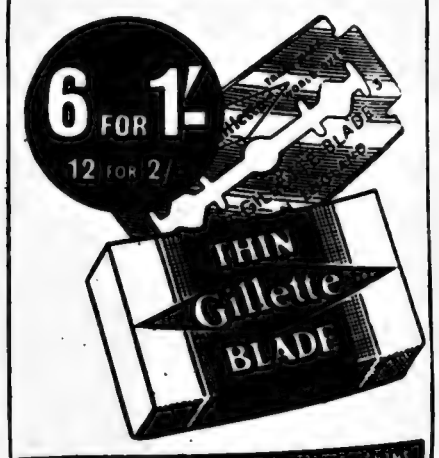
HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

TRY THE NEW

GILLETTE BLADE

Gillette again make shaving news by the introduction of the new *Thin* Gillette blade at 6 for 1/— specially designed for people with sensitive skins. A trial will convince you that these golden-coloured *Thin* Gillette blades—honed to the famous Gillette edge—will give you maximum shaving comfort at minimum cost!



It's not only active people who get 'B.O.'

The fire flickers on the polished wood of the radio, the Variety Orchestra crashes into "The Spice of Life." You settle back in your favourite armchair. A passive enough occupation you would have said—*yet all the time you're sitting in that armchair you're perspiring.*

Scientists tell us that even the most inactive people give off as much as a pint and a half of perspiration a day. It's highly necessary to the body's health.

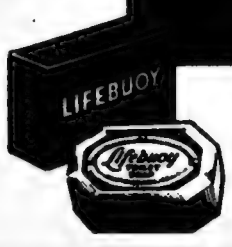
The only trouble is that while some of the perspiration evaporates a little is always left behind. And stale perspiration is the cause of 'B.O.' So it's necessary to cleanse the pores thoroughly by a regular bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap.

Its rich penetrating lather, with the antiseptic health element, removes all traces of stale waste matter, and prevents any possible risk of 'B.O.' The glorious feeling a bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap gives is proof enough of the way it watches over Personal Freshness.

About 1½ pints of perspiration

are expelled from the system of the average person daily. This fact is vouched for by medical authorities. They tell us that this perspiration does not evaporate entirely, a residue is always left in the pores, becoming stale, with a noticeable odour in 24 hours. This stale perspiration makes Body-Odour certain. Make sure of protection with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap.

LBT 420-393-65



LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP *prevents* **"B.O."** *(body-odour)*

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

What lovely whiskers!

EDWIN SMITH, *the famous photographer of cats, relied on Ilford materials for this photograph. Below he gives you some hints.*

"To photograph a cat," says Mr. Edwin Smith, "you must get down to the cat's own level — literally, with the camera on the floor. Amateurs should use a film with wide latitude." Selo films have been specially devised with extra speed to catch the details and extra latitude for subtle tone-gradations and for errors of exposure. These famous films are the best you can buy for every kind of photograph and for every kind of camera — yet they cost no more. Make sure it's Selo.

SELO

for snaps' sake

MADE BY ILFORD LIMITED ILFORD LONDON

HOW TO TAKE YOUR CAT (OR DOG)

1 *Try the arrangement shown in diagram above. Dotted line shows right view to aim for in viewfinder. Light on right (100 watt lamp 3 ft. away); reflector on left (white paper or cardboard will do). Dark background. Exposure 1/25th at F.4.5. (Selo H.P.2). Get as close to subject as lens allows: long focus lens or portrait attachment is the ideal.*

2 Use SELO films

SELO-ORTHO — for all-round snapshotting

SELOCHROME — extra fast for high speed work.

SELO FINE GRAIN — Panchromatic, colour sensitive.

SELO H.P.2—for all roll film and miniature cameras taking 35 mm. film — great speed, extra sensitivity and fine grain.

Start each day remembering this rule . . . Andrews for Inner Cleanliness. Only that way will you keep your looks, youth and health. Each sparkling glass of Andrews cleanses the entire system. First, Andrews cleans the mouth. Then it settles the stomach, corrects acidity and indigestion. As Andrews goes on its purifying way, it tones up the liver and checks biliousness, and finally — to complete your Inner Cleanliness — Andrews gently clears the bowels, sweeping away impurities that thicken your figure and coarsen your skin. Only Inner Cleansing Andrews can do all this for you. Take it regularly. The same dose always answers. 4 ozs. 9d., 8 ozs. 1/4.

"I have taken Andrews for 18 years. It is splendid for keeping me fit and well, and so pleasant to take."—*A. L., Bristol.*

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

(40e)

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 29.

BRUNETTES
-an exciting
NEW SHADE
OF POWDER

BEAUTY TIP from PARIS

A LOVELY new shade of powder—a rich, warm, *subtly different* shade—is now all the rage in Paris for brunettes. Brought straight over to England by a famous French Beauty Specialist and blended by her specially for Tokalon—you can obtain it here only in the new BRUNETTE shade of Poudre Tokalon. Gives a ravishing *richer* loveliness to all brunettes for both day and evening wear. For blondes—a radiant 'peach-bloom' effect is the Paris vogue—obtainable in England only in the new Tokalon PEACH shade. And there are ten other exciting shades of Poudre Tokalon direct from Paris. Each one has more life and radiance because the powder itself is blended with "Mousse of Cream." This makes even sallow, dull complexions glow with new and *natural* colour. Ask your dealer to show you the whole range of thrilling and flattering shades of Poudre Tokalon. See the actual shade before you buy through the window in the bottom of the box—a Tokalon patented device.

A NEW PROCESS MAKES
THE NEW STEAD BLADE
KEENER—LAST LONGER
STILL 7 FOR 6D
in the WEEKLY WALLET

FOUR SHOCKING LETTERS

Humanist's Page

- "Her temper makes me desperate"
- "If I stay he'll break my heart"
- "All my castles have fallen"
- "I see nobody day after day"

IF I had to choose a text to hang on the wall I think it would be this:—

How small of all that human hearts endure
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

Those two lines occur to my mind every day when I read problems sent by troubled readers.

Kings and law-makers can do a few things to make life happier, but there are many more which they cannot touch—the misery caused by jealousy, cruelty, selfishness, coldness, slander, malice, and bad tempers.

Nasty tempers ruin hundreds of marriages, break up hundreds of homes. Read, for example, the following letters:—

"I was married 18 years ago and have two charming daughters, both of whom are now earning a little to help the home. I am also in constant work. We might be very happy together, but my wife has always had a vile temper.

"Her own sister advised me to give her up before marriage. She (my wife) used to slap her own mother and say the wickedest things to her until the neighbours complained and she was turned out of the house.

"I thought the trouble was exaggerated, but now I know better.

"Her continuous nagging and bickering goes on for weeks. I generally hold my tongue, but now the girls are talking back on my behalf. Things get worse and worse.

"If I ask her to sit down and talk things over quietly, she lifts the first thing handy—a lamp or a plate—and throws it at the first who speaks. Nerve-racking scenes occur several times every week.

"Her insane temper will drive me to do something desperate."

Broken Spirit

There is much more, but the extract quoted gives a fair idea of the state of things in that home. Now for another:—

"My husband and I courted for three years, and for the first six months of married life we were happy. After that things became terrible. He used to fly into terrible tempers, throw things at me, knock me about, and use the most awful language."

There follow details of innumerable quarrels and brutal conduct, and the letter continues:—

"Well, for twelve long years this has gone on. Bright periods of days but never of weeks. One day my husband hit me and knocked me down some steps. I didn't scream because I didn't want the neighbours to know. I went to bed and wept.

"Next morning my face was twisted and the doctor said it was paralysed, but a week with my mother and massage put it right. I feel so ashamed of it all.

"I've begged, pleaded, threatened; but he just tells me to shut up. If I leave him I shall break my heart for the children. If I stay here he will break my heart. My spirit is broken already. . . ."

And yet the man seems to have some redeeming features.

"When I am ill in bed he takes every care of me, and is goodness itself," his wife says. "No one could wish to be better looked after."

Well, I have quoted from two letters, but I could easily give a dozen more. Problems created by vicious tempers come to me every day of the week.

What sort of satisfaction do these people find in making life unbearable for others? Does it give them a feeling of power? Or is it due to a streak of cruelty in the system?

I suppose most of us have tempers from the time we are born. The young child goes into a rage whenever he is thwarted. He yells, kicks, hits, raves like a little maniac.

If the mother or nurse gives in to these tantrums the child discovers that it pays! It is the easiest way of getting what he wants. And having once formed that idea he sticks to it in later life.

But a wise mother would have cured that temper-habit and prevented untold misery in the future.

The man who flies into tempers is really doing what he did as an infant. It is infantile behaviour. When one grasps this fact one is less inclined to give way to rage.

The employer who is always in a tearing temper is proclaiming his own failure: he is suffering from a feeling of frustration. He is certainly not a strong character—merely a noisy one.

When I was a young man I once worked for a "head" who frightened everybody with his insane tempers. He scared me at first.

But I used to realise that he was acting like a naughty child, and it was difficult not to smile. I pass the tip on to other young people who have the same nuisance to endure.

Wed 16 Months

A young wife writes the following pathetic letter:—

"We have been married only sixteen months, but all my castles have fallen. My husband rarely speaks to me and I am in the house alone all day and look forward to a little company in the evenings.

"Even when he does speak it is only to find fault. Everything has to be 'just so' all the time. Nothing has to be an inch out of place. He laughs and jokes with other people, but when we are by ourselves he shuts up like a clam.

"He is a very domineering man and seems happy when he can pick a quarrel and upset me. The doctor says I am heading for a nervous breakdown through worry. I dread the week-ends most of all.

"I am twenty-three and he is twenty-four. We ought to be very happy. If the fault is mine I would gladly remedy it, but I do my best and feel I cannot go on."

It is a shame that a young couple cannot be reasonably happy in the early years of married life. Marriage is supposed to be a fifty-fifty partnership, but in the majority of cases one or the other tries to domineer.

This love of power is a mild version of a very common form of lunacy.

Here is another letter from a woman whose husband behaves like a maniac:—

"He is very jealous by nature. We live in a very lonely place, three miles from the nearest village. My husband goes to work at 6 a.m. and does not return till tea-time. I see nobody day in and day out. If I say I feel lonely he thrashes me and knocks me about.

"He tells me that plenty of girls envy me. When he comes home he dresses himself up and goes to sleep in a chair.

"If I or the children even speak to him he flies into a temper and strikes us. My nerves are all to bits and yet I can see no way out. I would rather be dead than go on like this.

"I have only to ask him to get a house near his work to be knocked on the head till I am nearly senseless.

"I tell him that I could love him in spite of everything as I did when we were first married, but he is too evil-minded to believe me. He even says the children are not his. I have no spirit left, but some way out will have to be found."

Torment

This woman's life is not worth living. Her husband has no right to strike her in the way she describes.

He ought to be locked up for assault and battery. I advise her to have a talk with the Court Missionary—if she can go to one.

If there were not children it would be easy to run away and get into a decent job where she could have peace of mind and be treated as a human being: but when there are several children (as in this case) that is almost impossible.

But a man must not be allowed to keep his wife in a lonely spot, out of touch with civilisation, and spend his spare time in making her life a continual torment.

He does not deserve to have a wife at all. He must either mend his ways very drastically or be sued for a separation on the grounds of persistent cruelty.

These letters often make me sad. I feel the deepest pity and sympathy for the victims, but I really don't feel justified in preaching patience and long-suffering.

It is wrong that anyone should have to bear so much unnecessary pain in a world which nature has made so beautiful.

Every man, every woman, and every child has a right to happiness. It matters so much more than a banking account. "The art of being kind is all this sad world needs."

HUMANIST

Invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

MEN DETEST KITCHEN HANDS

Your hands will keep soft, smooth and attractive even though you do housework, if you rub in 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly every night at bedtime, then wipe off. Doctors say 'Vaseline' Jelly replaces the natural oils. Start tonight. Jars 4½d., 6d., 9d. Also in handy tubes and tins.

Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

Vaseline

TRADE MARK

Petroleum Jelly

Every night keeps hands nice

3587

The modern way to clean false teeth

The modern way to keep false teeth clean is the simplest — just put them into a glass of water in which 'Steradent' powder has been dissolved (follow directions on the tin). This solution penetrates every crevice, removes stains, and sterilizes your dentures by its own harmless, active energy. Many people do this overnight; others regularly for 20 minutes while they dress. Dentists recommend 'Steradent' and all chemists sell it in tins 1/- and 1/9d.

Steradent

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

Steradent Limited, Hull and London.

Little Boy Blue!

'Little Boy Blue' she calls him, because of his smiling blue eyes—smiling with the happiness and contentment of glowing health, of a vigorous little body, and sturdy limbs—thanks to Nestlé's Milk. It's difficult to remember now how thin that little face looked, in those early weeks before mother tried Nestlé's, when he lost weight, couldn't sleep, couldn't digest anything at all. But Nestlé's changed all that, as it has done for so many babies with delicate little stomachs. Within the very first week he had begun to put on weight, to coo and smile. Look at him now!

It is essential as your little boy grows up to build up his strength to match his vitality. It is these early years which will give him the foundation for a fine physique. Give him plenty of nourishment when he most needs it,—a big spoonful of Nestlé's with his porridge or cereal, with milk puddings, with his cocoa. And for tea spread some Nestlé's thick on a biscuit—and do good by stealth! It's delicious.

Nestlé's Milk is a splendid food for babies up to the age of six months, and is invaluable for all children up to six years old. Nestlé's book "Baby", a wise and simple guide through all the ups and downs of baby's early days, and Nestlé's Supplementary Feeding Charts, designed to cover the succeeding years, will be sent to you entirely free on application to Nestlé's Milk Products Limited, (I.F. 313) 6a, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

Making a start— thanks to

NESTLÉ'S MILK

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

GUARANTEED INCOME For YOU or Your Dependents

Sums from £1 a week upwards

Fill in Coupon on p. 33 for details!

THE Guaranteed Income Policies of the Prudential Assurance Co., are specially designed to meet the needs of married men. Not only does this offer a protection for his wife or dependents, but the man himself receives an income after a certain age. Thus, while protecting your wife or dependents in the event of your early death, you are making a provision for an income or capital sum on retirement. Get full particulars of how to provide for your future comfort and independence, free and without obligation, by filling in the coupon in the Prudential announcement on page 33. You will never regret doing so!

Attar of Roses

"A huge Moor approached us . . . with many gestures offered to show us the sights"

CASABLANCA, in French Morocco, is a white, glittering city of many moods, with hidden by-ways that often spell peril to the unwary traveller.

Seen from the blue Mediterranean it looked a fairy city as our cruise ship slowly approached and tied up alongside the quay. And the motley crowd in many-coloured garments looked like gnomes.

But the notices and warnings issued to passengers at breakfast were very matter of fact. We were especially warned to refuse all offers of sightseeing from unauthorised guides.

Gladys, my friend, asked Mr. Monson, the purser, what we had to fear.

"Everything," he said. "If they get you girls into their clutches, you will be lucky if they only rob you."

After a morning's sightseeing we still had three hours before the ship sailed at five p.m., and when someone said you could pick up exquisite perfume if you found the right bazaars we decided to spend the whole time ashore.

Gladys and I set out to search for thrice-distilled attar of roses. But we found the cross-legged merchants sitting with their colourful wares spread out before them had everything but that.

We looked round wondering what to do. Then:

"My dear!" exclaimed Gladys, "look at this Sheik!"

A huge Moor, enveloped in many robes, approached us and salaamed. He had a turban and a black beard, and, speaking pidgin English and French with many gestures, he offered to show us the sights of the city.

He pointed to his small mule cart, protected by a multi-coloured umbrella, and drawn by two scraggy mules.

"We want to buy attar of roses," I said.

"*Real* attar of roses," added Gladys. "None of your other rubbish, Abdulla."

"I takee you for attar," cried the Sheik ecstatically.

I demurred, then asked: "How much will you charge?"

"Velly cheap, lady—feefty francs——"

"Nonsense!" objected Gladys.

Eventually we closed at twenty-five on condition that Abdulla—as Gladys named him—got us back to the liner not later than four-thirty.

Off we went in the smelly, rickety cart, bowling down the town's main boulevards, turning down various narrow streets. Abdulla did not look like stopping.

"Where is the shop?" I asked. "You are taking us away from the bazaars."

It was true. We were now near the outskirts of the town. Houses and shops were getting fewer and more dilapidated. We were a long way from the boat, and the mules were half galloping. Abdulla only leered at me. Gladys was scared, and so was I.

"Listen, Abdulla," she cried. "Ship—go back ship—you understand--quick!"

He nodded: "Oui oui, ze attar—I tak you."

We had reached what looked like the edge of the Sahara Desert when Abdulla swung round into a rutty lane.

The little cart bumped on, rocking and swaying till I thought it must collapse. We clutched the sides, helpless and frightened.

Suddenly the mules lurched and the cart struck a low wall of rubble guarding a small, pink stucco house. We were thrown out and badly shaken.

AT the same time a fat woman ran out of the pink house, waving her arms and screaming abuse at Abdulla in French. She entirely ignored Gladys and me.

Presently the mules were unharnessed and led away to a large native compound at the back. The fat woman, who, I guessed, was Abdulla's employer, took us to a little hut and invited us to enter. We flatly refused.

Meantime, a swarm of native women and children appeared and gaped at us in no friendly manner. By now we were both thoroughly scared—so scared that we were glad when Abdulla came grinning towards us.

My wrist-watch showed that it was four-thirty. Matters were getting serious. I was in a panic and Gladys was no better.

"You must take us back to the ship at once," I begged Abdulla. "At once."

"Mules too tired," he explained. "More money for more mules."

We realised we would have to hire more. We offered him a pound. He scoffed. Finally we emptied our bags and scraped up about four pounds altogether. Taking this, he nodded and disappeared.

THE minutes passed. We were surrounded by jeering natives. A woman spat at us, and tears of anger and helplessness filled my eyes.

It was nearly five. I thought of the trim liner just getting ready to sail. Without us?

Then Abdulla turned up, leading two mules towards the damaged cart.

At last he seemed ready, but he still dawdled intentionally. The mules trotted unwillingly. Surely the liner would not sail without us. But I remembered the purser's warning. It would be our own fault if we were left behind.

I kept watching the time by my gold wrist-watch. Abdulla had his eyes on it, too. He leant over.

"You wantee catch sheep, lady?" he leered. "Givee me zat watch and I catch 'eem."

I gave it, suppressing a sob, for it was my mother's gift. Gladys sat pale and silent. The Moor whipped up his mules and they galloped to the quay.

* * *

At last! My heart jumped when I saw the liner was still there.

At five-twenty we were hustled aboard amid tremendous excitement. Everybody looked furious as we walked guiltily up the gangway.

That night dinner was rather gloomy. Our nice purser ignored us until the meal was over. Then he spoke:

"You young ladies disobeyed ship's orders, and you were nearly left behind."

"How much did it cost you?"

Shamefacedly we told him.

"It's an old dodge of these mule-drivers. The mules are half-starved. They dash home, and then the drivers blackmail passengers to let them catch the boat."

With a twinkle in his eye, he handed me a little packet wrapped in tissue paper.

It was my precious wrist-watch.

"And," added the purser, "I gave that scoundrel a little souvenir for himself on the quay-side."

The glint in his eye explained itself.

Reader's Story by

Miss C. M. Johnson, 4, Park Row, Nottingham.

Earn £5 5s by letting us publish your real-life adventure, preferably one that happened in Britain. Length should not exceed 1,200 words and a stamped addressed envelope must be sent.

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WHY CHILDREN ARE FRETFUL

Just think how harmful it is for a child to carry about a lot of poisonous waste matter in his bowels! No wonder children sometimes are "little devils" for no apparent reason! The safest way to give your child a thorough internal cleansing is 'California Syrup of Figs.' It sets up a natural movement that carries away all the clogging, hard waste-matter and leaves the little inside sweetened and clean.

A dose of delicious 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week keeps kiddies regular, happy and well. Get a bottle to-day, but be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6.

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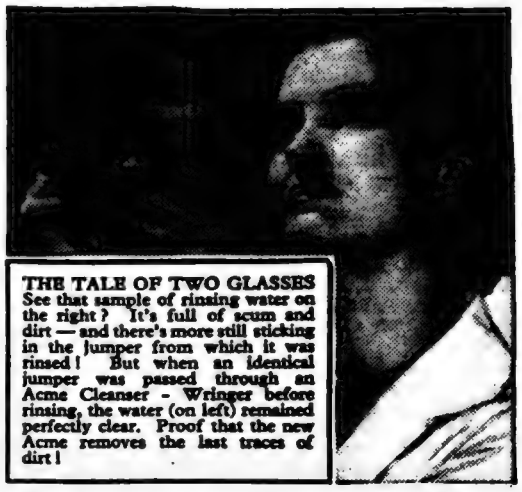
V/tns/39

...the OLIVE OIL in PALMOLIVE *will look after that!*

Start right. Be gentle with a baby skin, care for it sensibly through teens and twenties, and she'll be rewarded with a lovely complexion for life—a Schoolgirl Complexion, kept young and healthy and *clean*, by Palmolive in every bath. Give *your* skin the benefit of the soothing, feeding, searching olive oil lather of Palmolive.

Here's how ACME CLEANSE-WRINGING makes clothes cleaner and whiter

New way gets out EMBEDDED DIRT

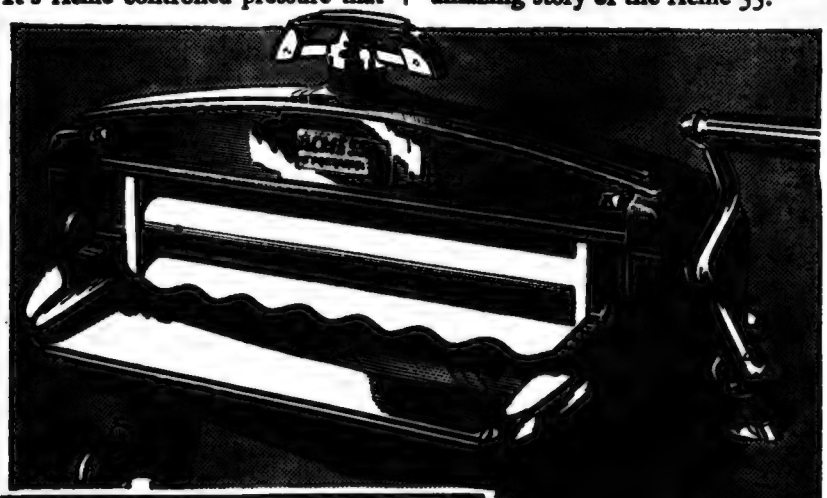


THE TALE OF TWO GLASSES
See that sample of rinsing water on the right? It's full of scum and dirt — and there's more still sticking in the jumper from which it was rinsed! But when an identical jumper was passed through an Acme Cleanser - Wringer before rinsing, the water (on left) remained perfectly clear. Proof that the new Acme removes the last traces of dirt!

Sensational! That's the only word for the washing results that women are getting from the new Acme 55. This revolutionary Cleanser-Wringer forces out the deep-seated dirt that simply *won't budge* by any other method! Proof? Here's one of several tests carried out by an independent Domestic Research Bureau. Two woollen jumpers, identical in every way, were washed in the same suds. One jumper was then lifted straight into rinsing water. The water immediately became cloudy from scum and dirt adhering to the garment.

The second jumper was passed through an Acme 55 before being put into rinsing water. This time the water remained absolutely clear! Why? Because the Acme had removed all the soap-scum and embedded grime from the garment! It's Acme controlled pressure that does it! No matter how deep-seated the dirt is, it can't escape the scientifically controlled pressure on the Acme rubber rollers. That's why only the new Acme can make clothes so miraculously white and sweet.

You simply *must* see this sensational Acme Cleanser-Wringer! Go to your Hardware Dealer — this morning — and get the whole amazing story of the Acme 55.



Ask your Hardware Dealer about these BRILLIANT NEW FEATURES

New-design clothes guides with 'permanent wave'. New-type reversible two-way drain. New reversible turning handle. New 'telephone' grip for lifting the machine and for adjusting pressure on rubber rollers. New beauty of finish—in gleaming chromium and lustrous blue enamel.

The new ACME 55

WRINGER – MANGLE – CLEANSER – all in one!

Have you a washing Machine? However good a washing machine may be, it is the work of the wringer afterwards that removes that last stage dirt and loose soapy scum. That is why it is so important to see that your washing machine is fitted with an Acme—the finest wringer ever made.

The PORTABLE Acme 55 illustrated above costs 49/6 for the 16 in. size; 47/6 for the 14 in. size. If you have more room choose either the Acme FOLDING STAND model (89/-) or the Acme CABINET model (97/6). All three models are fully described in booklet W.K. 6, obtainable from your Hardware Dealer or post free from ACME WRINGERS LTD., David Street, GLASGOW.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Main Topic This Week:

CONSCRIPTION

APPLYING for a job, I have just been told: "Sorry, but in six months' time you will be of age for conscription."

The firm added: "We are already sacking certain young workers with that idea in mind."—Mr. L. N. Drover, 10, Middle Church Lane, Farnham, Surrey.

* * *

Conscription is drastic. Very well, let us have something equally drastic by way of concession.

I endured the horror of seeing the shooting of two British soldiers whose nerve had failed. I saw men tied to the gun-wheel in No. 1 Field Punishment. Let such horrors be abolished.—V. Compton-Eaton, 35, Pine Close, Huyton, near Liverpool.

* * *

I can advance a dozen arguments against conscription; a dozen for.

Best argument of all is: I was conscripted at eighteen. I was pallid, effeminate, full of fears about health, snobbish. A few months of Army service stopped all that, made a man of me, and taught me Comradeship. It did the same for hundreds of thousands more.—J. S., Bayswater, London, W.

* * *

Twenty years ago I came back from service as a conscript to find my job gone and my trade changed so that I no longer knew it. My years of struggle at apprentices' wages had been wasted.

Don't let that mistake be repeated.—A. Tindall, 20, Vermont Crescent, Newland, Hull.

* * *

N.C.Os—treat these boys properly while you are in charge of them!

Not all your predecessors did, when we last had conscription. Some sneered at them.

Make them proud of service, and they'll make good soldiers and benefit in after-life. Their success or failure, remember, reflects directly on *you*.—E. A. N., former Old Contemptible, Robsart Street, London, S.W.9.

* * *

I am twenty. I am going to be conscripted. The country is soft-soapingly treating me as a MAN.

Let there be an election, however, and I'll be told a different story.

As a BOY I shall be expected to have no vote, keep my place.—K. R., Rycroft Road, Fazakerley, Liverpool, 10.

Selling Danger

Boys firing stones from halfpenny catapults have recently disfigured my little daughter, aged nine, for life.

We called in the police, expecting that they could do something to stop the sale of these dangerous weapons. They say they can do nothing.

Surely the law should be changed.—Dorothy A. Lockyer, Luther Road, Winton, Bournemouth.

We agree. We sent a four-year-old child to buy a penny catapult. He was served. That weapon shot a paper clip right through the middle of a forty-eight-page issue of JOHN BULL.

Blunt Teacher

My little sister came home from school crying and said: "I've got to take some string in case we are evacuated. Teacher says they will tie a disc on us with our names on it in case we are blown up and can't be recognised."

Words to describe such a teacher fail me completely.—M. A., South Yardley, Birmingham.

We hope the child misunderstood her teacher, that something far less blunt was said. We don't like to think that anyone who speaks like that has the moulding of impressionable young minds.

No Benefit

Another Budget has gone without any concession to people who have to drink whisky on doctor's orders.

I once had a neighbour who used to roll in agony with internal trouble, although the whisky prescribed by his doctor, which he couldn't afford to buy, would have given him relief.—A. Marsland, 95, Alexandra Road, Parkstone.

Successive Chancellors are assured by their Treasury experts: "There is nothing of value that whisky can do which a doctor cannot do equally well with other things on his dispensary shelves." Hence their refusals to give cheaper spirits to the sick.

Cannot Choose

I am an anthracite miner. I work among mines where silicosis—that dread silica dust disease—is rampant.

What horrifies me is that mines accept boys as they come, regardless of the strength or fitness of their lungs.

Lads with frail lung constitution should avoid dusty mines like the plague. School clinics should see that these mines accept only the boys too strong in the lung to be potential silicotics.—A. C. S., Carmarthen.

Trouble is that most boys are compelled to snap up first chance of earning a living that presents itself, regardless of whether they are fitted physically, mentally and psychologically. We would give the schools responsibilities beyond teaching every boy and girl the same stuff.

Qualifications?

I enclose an advertisement from a Nottingham evening paper. (It seeks "good cricketers" for a Nottingham colliery, underground workers preferred.)

Is it fair to unemployed miners like myself, whose only real qualifications in life are that they are good coal-getters?—A. M., Church Drive, Carlington, Nottingham.

Nottinghamshire employment exchanges have been seeking recently "miners who can play solo cornet."

Don't Blame P.C.

Can I, a policeman reader of JOHN BULL, make this appeal to the Press?

Newspapers often speak of citizens finding at their doors officials of certain organisations "accompanied by a policeman."

The fact is that the services of those organisations are often misused by spiteful neighbours. But whatever the circumstances, the accompanying policeman is not there to help in any way.

His duty is to ensure that no breach of the peace occurs. He is not with one side or the other, and in fairness to policemen, of whom so many people like to think the worst, I would like JOHN BULL to make that clear.—POLICE CONSTABLE, Herefordshire.

We do so gladly. The facts are as our reader states.

Roof Tip

I have been advised by a builder not to have a house with a boarded roof.

He says that such houses are much more likely to be burnt down in the event of an attack by incendiary bombs.

I would be glad to know whether or not this is so.—H. E., Crawley, Sussex.

According to A.R.P. Handbook No. 9, "Incendiary Bombs and Fire Precautions" (Stationery Office, 6d. net), an enemy might use light bombs which would penetrate tiles but not wooden boards beneath them. Thus fire would break out quickly and would be unreachable. In our opinion, however, there are advantages of warmth, dryness, etc., that must be weighed against this fact.

Question of the Day

In these days so many nations have their history flung in their teeth by other countries that I am compelled to ask: How can we rely on the history books?

Old issues of such books, as anyone can see, even disagree about the date of King Charles I's execution, some giving January 30, 1648, others January 30, 1649.—L. C., Uxbridge, Middlesex.

We are not defending history. We agree that much that appears in our history books cannot be believed. But, as for dates, some old authorities employed the historical year, ending December 31, others the civil and legal year, which, as any income-tax payer knows, ends March 25. The latter would have described March 20, 1939, as March 20, 1938!

Kill-Joy Stile!

Even stiles can be improved on, writes A. P. S., a Gloucester reader, who took this photograph. He adds: "But local lovers don't call it improvement!"

We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

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Millions of Mothers know that Beechams Pills are the ideal laxative, gentle, natural, effective, reliable. Why not get some Beechams Pills yourself? They'll keep you free from Biliousness, Digestive Upsets and Sick Headaches. *Sold Everywhere.*

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Is this The SPOT?

...THIS IS THE REMEDY!

With the Spring come skin troubles—boils, carbuncles, spots, etc. *Don't neglect them*—treat them at once with LION OINTMENT, and clear them up quickly!

Good old LION OINTMENT has been doing this work for 90 years—sure, safe, and soothing. It always brings the inflammation OUT, and then forms a clean new healthy skin from underneath.

Thousands of Nurses recommend it, and carry it in their professional bag. Keep a box handy for:—

BOILS, CARBUNCLES, SPOTS, ABSCESSES, POISONED WOUNDS, ECZEMA, IMPETIGO, PILES, CUTS, BURNS, BITES, STINGS

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BURGESS LION OINTMENT

Wear-and-Tear of the Nervous System *is felt by almost everybody in this troubled age . . .*

There is NO SECRET *about* PHOSFERINE *which contains the following*

Quinine Sulphate	0.455
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MEDICAL AUTHORITIES TELL YOU WHAT EXCELLENT TONICS THESE ARE

Whatever form our nerve-exhaustion may take — vague anxiety, worry about the present or the future, sleeplessness, impaired digestion, depression or irritability—sooner or later you will be actually in need of Phosferine. Phosferine provides the constituents which renew nerve force. You cannot fail to be the better for it—more self-controlled, more steadfast and more resolute, just because your whole nervous health will be substantially improved.

Take Phosferine now—even if you are not consciously worn out—and you will be less prone to fatigue and depression. You will sleep more soundly and eat more heartily. You will be less irritable, less jumpy, less easily upset.

And the reason is that Phosferine is a combination of medically-approved nerve tonics—openly published for all to see and understand.

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The Greatest of all Tonics

FOR ALL DISORDERS CAUSED BY EXHAUSTION OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

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WARNING: THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS

C.F.H.

watch NEWS REVIEW

EVERY THURSDAY

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If you come under either of the State Old Age Pension Schemes you will become entitled to 10/- a week when you are 65. Or, if you are married, the combined pensions of your wife and yourself, when she is also 65, will be £1.

A welcome provision, but not a lot to live on—in comfort.

Why not provide now by means of

THE PRUDENTIAL GUARANTEED INCOME PLAN

for, say, another £1 a week?

By doing so you will also add to the provision for your family in the event of your death before 65.

An enquiry will cost you nothing.

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I desire particulars of your Guaranteed Income Policy which will secure me £..... a year for life at age..... or provision for my dependants in the event of earlier death. Exact date of birth.....

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★ A FREE BOOK FOR MOTHERS

Send at once for your copy!

EVERY mother ought to have a copy of the valuable and commonsense handbook, "BABY," a wise, simple guide through all the ups and downs of baby's early days. It's FREE! Simply yours for the asking. It is a complete guide to happy motherhood and healthy babyhood, as it deals with all problems and welfare of a young baby. Just send a postcard to Nestle's Milk Products, Ltd. (I.F.313), 6A, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3, and a free copy will be posted to you. Accompanying it will come a Supplementary Feeding Chart designed to cover the succeeding years. Be sure to mention "John Bull" when writing.

"My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco."
(*Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1925*)

Presbyterian Mixture 1/3

A. GALE & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.

L

Mobilise Britain's nerve as well as her man-power. Then we can crush—

THE GREAT SCARE PLOT

Propaganda Chief Goebbels loves to spread jitters—in other countries

AT the entrance to one of the largest Base camps in France during the war there stood a huge cut-out figure of an owl. And underneath was painted these words:

There was a wise old owl who lived in an oak,
The more he heard the less he spoke,
The less he spoke the more he heard,
Soldiers should imitate that old bird!

We could do with a few thousand of those signs dotted about the highways and byways of this country to-day, as a perpetual reminder, not merely to soldiers but to all of us, that wars—and the issues of peace or war—can be decided in other places besides the front line trenches.

For too many of us are already helping to play Hitler's game.

What is that game? It is made transparently clear in some of his recent speeches. "We shall achieve all our aims," he boasts, "*because our nerves are better than the democracies'!*" The same remark is constantly being echoed by other leaders of the Nazi party like Dr. Ley and Goebbels.

It runs like a refrain through "Mein Kampf," Hitler's blue-print for German world domination.

And the Nazis are backing that belief with one of the subtlest, perfectly working plans of action ever conceived by a State's rulers.

From the day when the German army marched into the Rhineland and started the first shock of jitters through Europe, we have watched that plan at work.

FIRST the carefully timed "leakages" of information and the "admissions" about Germany's huge armed strength and the terrifying might of its air force.

Then the increasing note of truculence in all the public speeches of the Fuehrer and his colleagues. Then, as the momentum of fear and questioning gathers in the minds of other countries, the successive drives—Spain, Austria, the Sudetenland, Czechoslovakia, Memel.

And all the time, like some monstrous overtone above the din of marching men, a perpetual supply of new threats and ever more open menace. Crisis piled on crisis.

"Our nerves are better than *theirs*," says the dictator. How are we meeting that challenge?

For centuries the British character has stood for coolness and steadiness under every circumstance.

Those qualities have been almost a by-word among peoples of the earth. More volatile races have constantly referred, sometimes bitterly, to the "British phlegm," the *sang-froid* of the "cold-blooded English."

There are symptoms, and too many of them, to show that this quality is disappearing. The "nervous attrition" which is part of the tactics of the dictator powers is having effect.

A new term has even invaded the medical phrase books. Recently a distinguished hospital consultant was writing in the professional Press about the hordes of patients afflicted with what he called "crisis stomach." That "sinking feeling" seems to have become fixed enough for a visit to the doctor.

OTHER factors are common knowledge. As if the dictators' planned efforts were not enough, there are countless mouths and minds to help their work along. In every train and bus and office, every meeting-place, you can hear the jitters machine at work.

Have you heard about the 1,500 U-boats made on the unit system, all ready to be assembled, launched and put to sea? The thousands of "black widow" spiders bred by German scientists ready to be dropped in a death-dealing cloud if war breaks out? Krupp's new 100-lb. bomb which has the bursting power of the previous ton bombs.

Those are not rumours out of Bedlam. They are just a few of the many which have been common currency, from lip to lip during the last few weeks.

The City, the level-headed City, which, after all, is just the collective "man in the street," is as prolific in jitter-spreading as any other place.

Just before the Budget, with its expected huge increases in armaments expenditure, some of the big banking groups started to restrict general loan advances. An elementary precaution in the circumstances.

But thousands of the "little men," refused an overdraft to "pay the income-tax," have built up the widespread belief that inflation is imminent.

And through the small shopkeeper who withholds his summer stock orders and the finance house which holds back new issues, the paralysis spreads.

Have you heard of the thousands of products ranging from "shilling a time" garments made out of synthetic wool to thirty-shilling bedroom suites which the Germans have ready to dump so that they can smash our internal and export trade?

It would be wearisome to give more examples of rumour and jittery "facts" that pass as gospel.

They are as much fact as those ghostly Russian legions who passed through Britain during the last war. You remember? Some people even saw the snow on their boots.

The ultimate triumph of this technique of nervous assault was shown last week by the millions in this country who waited with bated breath for the words of one man. It was a speech which our common-sense told us had of necessity to be non-committal or meaningless, but it was listened to as if Hitler was the very oracle of disaster.

NOTE, too, the remark you hear everywhere nowadays: "Well, let's get *it* over. We can't stand this business much longer." *It* presumably being a declaration of war.

That is the kind of confession of breaking strain that should be scotched at once—not only in our own minds but whenever we hear it said.

It is time we set our house and minds in order against these planned inroads on our strength and confidence.

Let us, without irreverence, adapt the Litany: "From bellicose and indiscreet Cabinet Ministers, from lugubrious B.B.C. bulletins about the travels of foreign politicians with unheard-of names, and from the jitter-bug in our own hearts and in the next seat—good Lord, deliver us."

We want a sort of mobilisation of our nerve more than our man-power. For, make no mistake about it, the final issues for us will rest on nervous staying power rather than guns.

THERE is a simple enough plan behind the scare plots of the dictatorships. Jitters sufficiently prolonged can break the economic structure which is our real strength. Give us a wide-spreading panic in the free markets, say the totalitarians, and the world is ours.

Not a shot need be fired.

Behind their closed frontiers and their built-up self-sufficiency they feel themselves secure against sudden world-wide business collapse. But, they reason, the countries of the democratic *bloc* would fall away from each other and become easier prey for domination.

That is the ultimate purpose behind all the heavy threat, the implicit menace of war. Nobody knows better than the dictators that *all* will lose in actual war. But break our confidence, sow fear and panic, and they can win their every aim without losing a single man.

So here's the simple question we can ask ourselves, echoing Hitler's challenge, "Is *their* nerve better than ours?"

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in all cases of
ASTHMA & BRONCHITIS
—simply inhale
POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

Immediately the fumes of Potter's Asthma Cure come in contact with the breathing organs, those paroxysms of coughing, feelings of suffocation, tightness across the chest and frantic struggles for breath will disappear as if by magic. **Sleepless nights become a thing of the past** and you will be able once again to carry out your daily duties. Its wonderfully soothing and calming influence will astonish you. Free from opiates and will not injure the heart in any way. Unequalled for Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. **Victims of these troubles should fill in the coupon below for our** interesting **FREE BOOKLET.** Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores at 1/6, or direct post free 1/9.

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To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1. Please send me post free a copy of your booklet "Are you Asthmatic?"

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All makes—on extent of monthly payments or cash. Leica, Zeiss-Contax, Rolleiflex, etc., from 10/- a month. Also Cine apparatus—8, 9.5 and 16 mm. by every maker. Most generous exchange allowances. Illustrated catalogue post free. Write Dept. "D."

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The Meaning of STOMACH PAIN

Pain is Nature's warning that there is something wrong. Pain in the stomach means that there is acid poisoning the stomach, burning it, distending it. If the stomach is poisoned, then the whole system is poisoned. Therefore, the first law of health is a clean stomach, and that is why thousands of those in pain have been cured by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

Unless you keep your stomach clean your suffering will become more frequent and a serious ulcerated condition may be the penalty of your neglect.

Indigestion, Heartburn, "wind," etc., prove that there is decaying matter in the stomach. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder prevents the accumulation of waste matter. It keeps the stomach and intestines clean and healthy.

Get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Take the powder regularly for a few days and you will soon know the joy of being free from stomach pain and the dangers that lurk behind it. But remember only MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder will do—with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle and carton. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. Powder or Tablets. New slide-top pocket tins (50 tablets), 1/3; also 6d. tin (15 tablets).

PUT ON POUNDS AS I DID

In a month I had put on many lbs. Read the letter describing this wonderful experience:—"Until a few months ago I was one of the army of scraggy and weak victims. I dreaded public appearances and grew morose and scared . . . I tried dieting, exercises, patent foods and specifics, but never a sign of success. After repeated failures I was persuaded to try Irvona, and the result was most astounding. In a month I had put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a skinny, undersized weakling to a well-formed being full of energy and vitality."

MEN If you are thin, with sunken chest, "spindle-like" limbs, pale cheeks and weak appearance, Irvona will give you a strong, healthy figure and increased stamina and physique. "IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all Chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 3/- for 3 weeks; 5/- for 6 weeks; or direct, post free on receipt of price, from IRVONA (Dept. 29V), 1, CRESSE STREET, LONDON, W.1. *No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.*

A typical IRVONA Patient (Middle).

It keeps your liver LIVELY
It keeps your liver KEEN
You take it every morning
And its name is LIVACLEAN

The greatest news for years! Deep depressions and dull, half-alive feelings turned into breezy fit-for-anything health by a daily glass of sparkling Livaclean.

Livaclean is a new health salt with new properties. It keeps the liver keen all the time so that poisons and food waste are completely rinsed away. It stimulates the full flow of bile needed to finish off digestion in the intestines. It "tones" the system in the gentlest, surest way

New vim, fresh vigour, high spirits. Won't your system welcome the change! And won't you!

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Price 9d. per tin. Double size economy tin 1/4

LIVACLEAN
keeps your liver LIVELY

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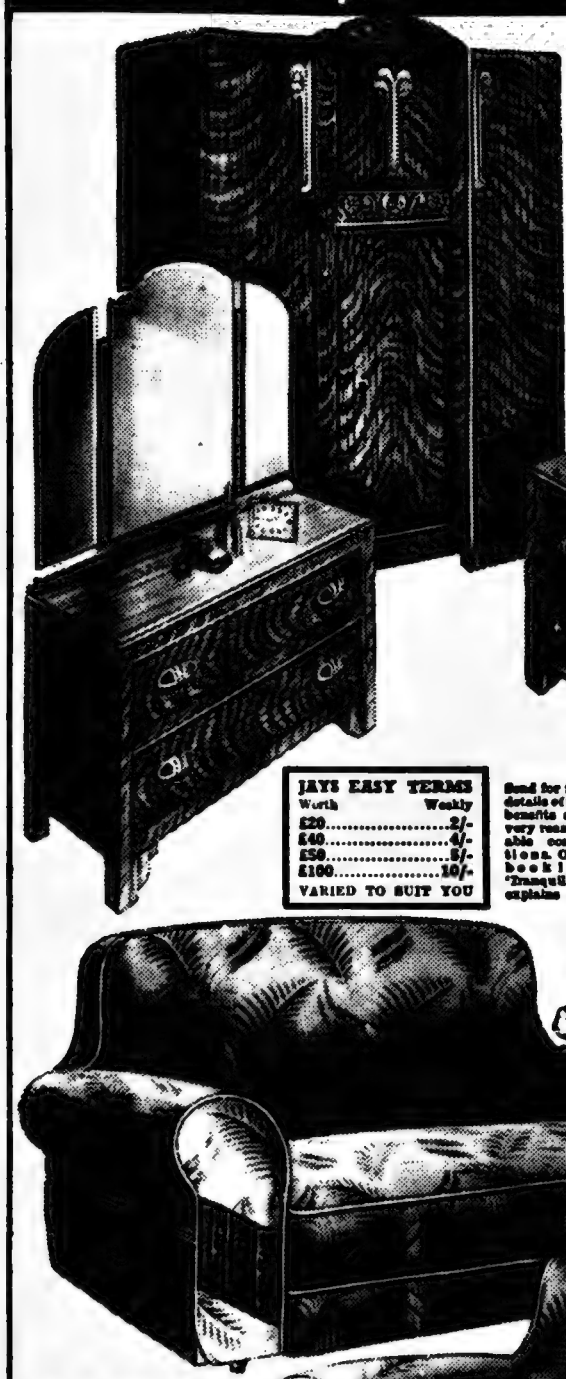

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CROSSWORD No. 153.
TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 40 is presented the 153rd of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If all entry points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one award submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, June 1, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly new BLOT-PROOF "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with entry the Reservation Coupon on page 40. The Second Prize will be awarded to the Competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; but not more than one such prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

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Smear a little NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy inside each nostril. Gently sniff it up. It acts instantly! Opens stuffed-up nasal passages. Clears head. Reduces discharge. Heals inflammation. Stops Wheezing, Hawking, Sniffing. IT MUST BE "NOSTROLINE" for Catarrh, Colds, Flu, Head Noises, Catarrh-Deafness. Over 16,000 Doctors endorse "NOSTROLINE." Perfectly safe. Chemists 1/3.

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ESCAPE by POISON

His pleading, his protests, were of no avail. She was rock hard in her determination

CONSIDER YOUR VERDICT No. 5

BY STANLEY BISHOP

WHY Christine Cochran, lovely daughter of an Ayrshire farmer, ever married John Gilmour of Inchinnan, in the County of Renfrew, was a puzzle to her friends.

True, the match was a good one from the material point of view. The Gilmours were far better off than the Cochrans. And, naturally enough, Christine's parents were on the Gilmour side. They pressed the girl to take John for her husband.

But she never had the slightest regard for him. She was head over heels in love with a young neighbour, John Anderson, and had pledged herself to wait until he could make a home.

But he was tardy in his wooing. He did not show any haste to secure Christine, whereas John Gilmour thought of nothing else

When Christine refused his first proposal he swore that he would kill himself.

"I know a way by poison," he told the distraught girl. "And you will be to blame."

Just a lover's silly threat, nothing more, for within a week he was on his knees begging her to wed.

Family nagging and his ardour broke Christine's resolution at last. She consented to marry him.

What a prize for any man! She had rare beauty, eyes that were bewitching, glorious hair, a breath-taking figure. And with it all intelligence and grace.

SMALL wonder that John Gilmour said he would die by his own hand if he could not possess her. The mystery is that Anderson was so much of a laggard. Particularly as Christine was constantly writing to him, hoping that she would move him to an elopement before her wedding day.

Twice she postponed the wedding, but broken-hearted in the end she married Gilmour.

Within two months the bridegroom was dead—killed by arsenic poisoning.

It needs little imagination to picture what he had gone through before he died. For Christine refused to be a wife.

From the church in the Ayrshire village, where the Cochrans had lived for generations, the young couple drove to the big farm-plus-manor house at Inchinnan, on the side of the River Clyde.

And Christine spent her marriage night seated in a chair before the drawing-room fire. She would not allow her husband to approach.

His pleadings, his protests were of no avail. She was rock hard in her determination.

"Never," she said—and her eyes were relentless under the candle light as she spoke—"will I be *wife* to you, John Gilmour. I will look after you and your house, but there my wifely duty ends."

And in that mood she remained as the weeks rolled on to a Christmas of forced, hollow festivities in the old house.

Just after, Gilmour was stricken with violent pains and sickness. He said it was due to overmuch whisky mixed with Christmas fare. The poor man had had reason for deep drinking.

The attack passed—and was followed by another. He was unable to leave his bed. Christine was his nurse, and a devoted nurse by all accounts. She did everything she possibly could for the patient.

First came a local doctor, then the Cochran family physician. They diagnosed gastritis, bled the patient and rubbed him with oil of turpentine.

Gilmour rallied and it seemed the corner was turned. Then there was quick relapse and unexpected death. His wife was at his bedside to the end.

Seven weeks married, Christine Gilmour returned as widow to her own home, and wrote a letter to John Anderson saying "I'm free."

AND back at Inchinnan folk began talking. There was John Muir, the horseman at the farm, who remembered finding a black silk bag—"belonging to young mistress."

In it was a small paper packet labelled "Poison" and a medicine bottle filled with a colourless liquid. When this bag was handed to Mrs. Gilmour she said that bottle contained turpentine, but did not explain the poison packet.

There was Mary Paterson, who had been her personal maid. She had a story of being sent one day before Christmas to Paisley to buy two pennyworth of arsenic, which her mistress wanted for killing rats.

Gossip sped, gathering exaggeration, until it came inevitably to Superintendent McKay, of the Renfrew constabulary. He began enquiries.

The more he heard the more suspicious he became. For he learned that a Paisley chemist remembered a young woman coming to him and buying arsenic for rat poisoning.

THIS purchase was made three days before Gilmour died, and the woman—according to the chemist—was exactly like Christine. What was more significant was that she gave a name and address unknown in the district for the poison register.

Superintendent McKay decided he had a case and applied for an order to exhume Gilmour's body.

Farmer Cochran—perhaps himself a bit uneasy about the death of his son-in-law—was keeping his ear to the flurry. Christine was suspect. Better that she should go right away—to America. There the police could not touch her.

Protesting and against her will, the young widow went. She travelled to Liverpool and took passage to New York under the name of Mrs. Spiers. A man was paid to escort her and pass as her husband. In that way she was smuggled from the country.

The examination took place, and on examination Gilmour was proved to have died from acute arsenical poisoning.

Superintendent McKay went after Christine with a warrant for her arrest on a murder charge. Her trail was clear and he sped to New York in a Cunard liner, which overtook her ship on the way.

When "Mrs. Spiers" came ashore the first person to greet her was the burly Scottish policeman with the warrant in his hand.

There was great interest both in this country and in the United States over the extradition proceedings. It was the first case after the signing of an extradition treaty between Great Britain and the U.S.A. and was fought with every technicality.

A direct appeal on behalf of Chris-

(*Continued on page 42*)

Thousands Worried By Outbreak of

"MAY SPOTS"

(Spring Skin Eruption)

THOUSANDS of people are worried by an outbreak of "May Spots", a skin eruption in the form of little pimples which may appear anywhere on the body but, mostly come on the face! In addition to the unsightliness and embarrassment, there is a continued irritation often of a fierce kind—sufferers feel as though they could "tear themselves to pieces!" This trouble can very quickly be conquered by a prompt application of Germolene.

This wonder skin-cleansing and skin-healing Ointment soothes the irritation, stops the torment and literally 'wipes away' the rash almost overnight!—restoring clear skin and a good complexion. Do not neglect even the smallest pimple at the present time, for it may "spread" rapidly and settle down into a chronic or recurrent skin affliction. A sixpenny tin of Germolene is often sufficient to banish the trouble entirely. Germolene is the World's Quickest Healing Ointment! Even painful chronic ulcers cannot resist its healing influence.

If you are a victim of POISONED WOUNDS, ECZEMA, BAD LEG, RASH, ABSCESS or any other kind of Skin Trouble, get a tin of wonder-working Germolene to-day!

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Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

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STOMACH PAINS

ARE DANGER SIGNALS

When your digestive organs are out of order, the simplest food often causes distress. Heartburn, acidity, flatulence torment you; worse still, your food doesn't nourish you and so you become an easy prey to illness. It stands to reason you cannot be strong and healthy unless your digestive organs—stomach, liver and bowels—are working properly.

Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup combines in concentrated form the medicinal virtues of more than ten different herbs, roots and barks which experience has shown have the power of restoring tone, efficiency and regularity to the digestive organs as no single drug or combination of drugs can do. The action of Mother Seigels is gentle, not drastic; it builds up, little by little, day by day, Nature's way, the only true way. All chemists have it at 1/3 and 3/-.

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Owing to its 'LIFE' and great richness in *all* the B Vitamins, PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is a splendid GENERAL TONIC and natural remedy for INDIGESTION and NERVES.... By ensuring perfect assimilation of food it restores VIGOUR and VITALITY and converts a jaded, tired person into a being full of Life and Energy. PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast contains No Drug and is safe for all.

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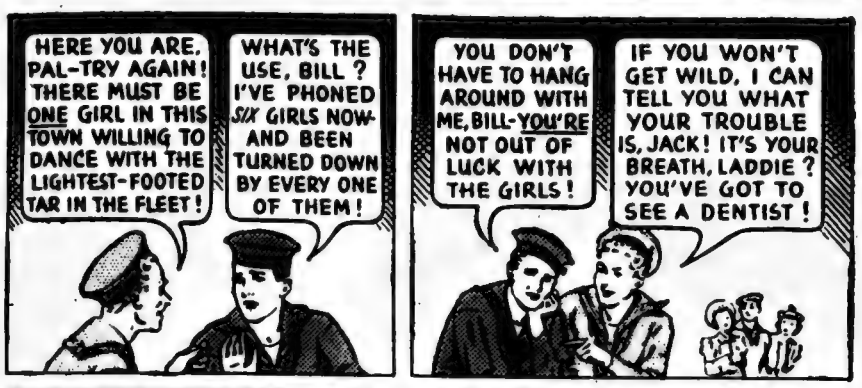
150 " 3/-
Vest-pocket Size ... 6d.

Phillips TONIC YEAST

NO SWEETHEART IN ANY PORT!

UNTIL A DENTIST TOLD HIM WHY


HERE YOU ARE, PAL—TRY AGAIN! THERE MUST BE ONE GIRL IN THIS TOWN WILLING TO DANCE WITH THE LIGHTEST-FOOTED TAR IN THE FLEET!
WHAT'S THE USE, BILL? I'VE PHONED SIX GIRLS NOW—AND BEEN TURNED DOWN BY EVERY ONE OF THEM!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO HANG AROUND WITH ME, BILL—YOU'RE NOT OUT OF LUCK WITH THE GIRLS!
IF YOU WON'T GET WILD, I CAN TELL YOU WHAT YOUR TROUBLE IS, JACK! IT'S YOUR BREATH, LADDIE? YOU'VE GOT TO SEE A DENTIST!

TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH, AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM.
ON JACK'S NEXT SHORE LEAVE—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
I SUPPOSE YOUR FRIEND JACK HAS A SWEETHEART IN EVERY PORT!
YOU BET HE HAS! YOU'D BETTER STICK TO ME, ROSIE!

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"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent thoroughly cleans the enamel — makes teeth sparkle!"

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The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 29

HURRY! Don't miss this

WONDERFUL ★ BARGAIN—

★2/6 MONTHLY SECURES

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COMPLETE WITH BEDDING

Made to sell at 6 gns., Jas. Woodhouse and Son offer "John Bull" readers a Figured Oak Bedstead complete with Bedding at the specially reduced price of 79/6, or 2/6 monthly, NO DEPOSIT. Full details are given in the announcement on page 3, and if you cannot call at any of the showrooms at the addresses given or at any of the branches of the Cavendish Furniture Co., where this outstanding bargain can also be obtained, order right away, by using the special coupon.

Send for FREE CATALOGUE of OTHER FURNITURE BARGAINS!

Home lovers should make a point of getting a copy of the Free Furniture Bargain Book crammed full of other Furniture bargains, by filling in their name and address in the lower coupon in the announcement on page 3, or write, mentioning "John Bull," to either Jas. Woodhouse and Son, 55/61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, or the Cavendish Furniture Co., Ltd., 439/441, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

YOU NEED POISON to keep healthy!

One of the most deadly of all poisons known to humanity, arsenic is necessary in small quantities to keep you healthy, say American Scientists. This is but one of many fascinating secrets of medical science revealed in the May "Armchair Science," which also includes: *Pilotless Planes; Taking X-Ray Photos at Home; Birth of the Earth*, etc. 100 pages, 28 articles and features, 65 photographs, diagrams and drawings. All the wonders of the world of science explained in simple non-technical language. Get your copy to-day!

ARMCHAIR SCIENCE—6D.

Men of COOL courage...

..FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL

Men, who themselves are expected to be consistently cool, demand consistent coolness from their tobacco —that's why men of action insist upon Bondman's satisfying restfulness.

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Bondman TOBACCO

EMPIRE BLEND OF RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

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ESCAPE the torment of piles by using Zam-Buk. This world-famed herbal ointment is renowned for soothing and healing. It reduces pain, swelling and inflammation, checks the bleeding and causes the piles gradually to disappear. Don't suffer a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk and use according to the printed directions.

"The burning, throbbing pains of piles were unbearable and the bleeding and constant suffering wore me out. I had no heart for housework or anything. But when I used Zam-Buk the piles were wonderfully soothed and they gradually disappeared. I now feel an entirely different woman." Mrs. E. Ings, Portsmouth.

For Inward PILES

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they soothe and cure while you sleep.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

Competitors' Parliament—Conducted by "Compex"

To assist you with your entries for the holiday cash to be won in Bullets *and Crosswords, we now provide this practical new service—Competitors' Parliament, presided over by "Compex," an expert with over twenty years' Competition experience.*

If you have a question to ask or an opinion to express about Competitions, write to "Compex," Competitors' Parliament, "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"Bullets" Illustrated: He's A Little Man, So—Wifey Had Sink Lowered!

Now It's Question Time

TWO friends of mine who are interested in competitions both say that one of the *Bullets* I entered recently should have won the First Prize.—P. G. B., Brighton.

Unlike the judges, your friends had no opportunity of comparing your efforts with those entered by other competitors. It will help you to win if you realise that the judges are as keen on finding a prize-worthy *Bullet* among your entries as you are to see your name in the winning list.

BE BROADMINDED

At different times I have sent in several *Bullets* on temperance which I thought excellent, but none of them has secured a prize. Do you think this was because they attacked drink? If so, that would surely be unfair prejudice on the part of the judges.—K. C., Tooting.

Judges would rightly not reward your *Bullets*, however neat, if likely to provoke violent disagreement from all those who enjoy alcohol in harmless moderation. Avoid sweeping, one-sided statements of type unacceptable to majority of "John Bull" readers.

SMILES, PLEASE

Competitions are a great boon in these troubled times, but must we have solemn *Bullets*? I should like to see a winning list entirely composed of light-hearted efforts. Laughter is a tonic.—J. B. L., Bath.

Humorous efforts are welcomed, but I think most competitors agree with the judges that an ideal winning list is a balanced blend of solemn and light-hearted *Bullets*. Not all of us have the gift of turning out original humour, and to insist on an "all-fun" list would be to penalise entrants of fine *Bullets* like the recent winner, Out Of The Question—War, If Outcome Questioned.

MAKING IT EASIER

Although it is officially stated that "a *Bullet* must consist of two, three or four words," I've often noticed a winner with three words and a term like "I'll" or "We're." A recent instance was *When Wifey's Spring-cleaning*—I'll *Do Sideboard, Henry!*" Isn't that one word too many?—Mrs. P. E., Luton.

Ever since *Bullets* began in 1912, such colloquial abbreviations have been accepted by the judges as single words. You will find that this greatly assists you in making neat *Bullets*—but stick to those abbreviations in general use and avoid distortions like "Hitler'll."

GIVING REASONS

I'm quite prepared to accept the decisions of the Crossword judges, but once or twice I have been unable to understand why they preferred another answer to mine. One can hardly expect them to make explanations to individuals, but I am sure many competitors would welcome a general summing-up of the Committee's reasons for their choice of answers.—K. J. K., Aberdeen.

You will find exactly what you want in the "Crossword Gazette." Exclusive feature of this free guide, published by "John Bull," is a summary of the Committee's findings on each Crossword. Have posted you a specimen copy.

WHY "LAST" LOST

In JOHN BULL's 143rd Crossword this clue appeared: "*Cobbler often has, for shoe repairs.*" I immediately put LAST as my answer and cannot see why LIST was preferred.—M. F. H., Glasgow.

Crossword prizes go to those who think, not to those who dash down the first answer which occurs to the mind. Instead of immediately plumping for Last you should have looked at the clue a little longer. Surely a cobbler would always have a last: that important word "often" points to List as superior answer.

FRIDAY'S WIRE DAY

Does JOHN BULL notify the chief winners in *Bullets* and Crosswords, or must I get a copy of the paper to see if I've reached the top?—P. G. B., Bolton.

The First Prize-winner in *Bullets* is notified by "Greetings" telegram thirteen days after that Contest's closing date. Winners of £10 and up hear the good news by letter next day. "Greetings" telegrams are sent to all winners of £100 or more in our Crosswords: these Joy Wires go the Friday after closing date.

ONLY MERIT WINS

Must I be a registered reader of JOHN BULL to win in *Bullets* or your Crosswords?—K. B., Leeds.

No. The merit in your efforts is the only thing that counts with the judges. But just as in football pools, it pays to study form; this you can do by watching the winning Crossword answers as well as the successful *Bullets*. So I advise you to make sure of obtaining "John Bull" regularly.

WHERE TO LOOK

Where is the best place to seek material for humorous *Bullets*? I realise that it would be courting disappointment to rehash jokes from magazines or wisecracks one hears on the radio.—T. W., Dublin.

You are quite right to fight shy of jokes that are read or heard by millions. Many of them are actually based on old *Bullets*. Why not let the *Example* itself do the job for you? A good plan is to take a seemingly serious *Example* and add to it a light-hearted comment. See the unexpected, original smile in the recent winner, There'll Be Trouble If—Pacifist Shares Grandpa's Shelter!

JOHN BULL

ALWAYS BACKS HIS FANCY FOR THE

DERBY

If you have a fancy for the Derby you are recommended to secure Long Odds now. Send for our latest Ante-Post Price List.

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DAVID COPE LUDGATE CIRCUS LONDON

Race with "Silver Ring"

Will Blue Peter Stay?

MY money will not be on Blue Peter for the Derby. In my opinion, one of the more stoutly-bred runners will be finishing too strongly for the favourite.

On the form book, of course, Blue Peter is a betting proposition. He has shown ability to act well on the Epsom course, and there can be nothing but praise for the game manner in which he won the Two Thousand Guineas. In that race he had to master first Romeo II, then Fairstone, and, finally, hold off the challenge of his stable companion, Admiral's Walk.

The reason I oppose him for the Derby is that his pedigree does not indicate he will stay the distance. Admittedly, his sire, Fairway, won the St. Leger, but he was a dismal failure in the Derby, and none of his sons have distinguished themselves in the premier classic. Fairway was by Phalaris, and most of the line have lacked stamina.

The dam of Blue Peter, Fancy Free, is by Stefan the Great, a sprinter who was by The Tetrarch. From a combination of the best Phalaris and Tetrarch blood, I should expect to breed a brilliant miler, and that is what Blue Peter has proved himself to be. He *may* be a champion over a mile and a half, but I shall wait for the proof. If I code one for the Derby in my selections for May 24 it will probably be Hypnotist or Casanova. They are sons of Hyperion, a Derby and St. Leger winner, who was by the "triple-crown" winner, Gainsborough.

Galatea II, who, with Hautboy, combined to make a nice 48-to-1 win double for followers of the Code on One Thousand Guineas day, seems sure to win the Oaks Stakes.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, May 11, to Wednesday, May 17.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: DLBHSMN would read PRICKET.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. KTX297M would read SNOOZE.

HOW TO END PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief

What would you give to be *really* cured of those torturing Piles? To fine protrusions growing less and less until they finally disappear, never to torment you again? A doctor's formula brings this relief within the reach of every sufferer. The Magic Brand Pile Cure positively heals, even when the piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Surgical methods are both unnecessary and unwise. If your life is being made miserable by this distressing complaint, be persuaded to try the Magic Pile Cure. The first application will stop pain and irritation almost instantly. The alarming loss of blood is arrested, swelling and inflammation gradually dies down, and the piles are soothed and healed in a way that seems miraculous.

If you have never tried this wonderful remedy, do so without delay.

FREE SAMPLE gladly sent on request to Magic Laboratories, M.N.13, New Court, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

A Fight Against Rupture

ATTENTION vs. NEGLECT

Everyone should realise the seriousness of rupture, even where the protrusion is small. The Brooks Appliance is the finest kind of mechanical support for rupture that it is possible to build. Hard pads and stiff springs are entirely eliminated. Our Automatic Air Cushion, light, cool and absolutely sanitary, is protected by patents in the British Isles and all important foreign countries. Your name and address placed in the advertisement will bring complete details of our 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL plan in plain sealed envelope. No need to write a letter.

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HOSIERY Underwear. Overalls. Haberdashery Manchester, etc. Everything for the Retailer. Trade's lowest prices. Small quantities supplied. Send for Catlgs.—Archer's, Castle Gate, Nott'm.

DRAPERS.—112-p. Illus. Spring Catlg Post Free. Covers all depts., also Boots and Shoes. Finest Selection of perfect goods at keenest prices. Satis. Guid. Wholesale only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

SELL direct from our Free Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods. Shopkeepers, Traders and Beginners should write to Dept. J.B., The Houndsditch Warehouse Co., Ltd., Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, etc., etc. (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 29, Houndsditch, London, E.C.

PROFITABLE GOODS to Sell, every kind, for Spare-time Agent and Shopkeeper. 144-page Catalogue free.—MAY (123), BIRMINGHAM.

EMPLOYMENT.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 13s. per week. Age 18-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 827), 17-19, Stratford Place, LONDON, W.1.

AIR FORCE.—Young men will be Wanted as Clerks, Engineers, etc.: our postal Courses will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free.—Dept. L.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1939 (FREE). Contains information on Pay, Prospects and new Entrance Department for all Forces. — Prospective recruits (aged 19-23) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Excellent pay and prospects with pension. No exp. reqd. For FREE details of vacancies and preparation therefor apply, Chambers College (Dept. 819), 235, High Holborn, W.C.1

ENGINEERS, now is your chance to dig yourselves into a Key position and make your future solid. It needs Technical Training: we can give you that by post. Full particulars free.—Dept. D.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay, £3 3s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

MEN who can handle tools "Wood or Metal" wanted as TEACHERS OF HANDICRAFTS in the Boys' Day Schools. Our Correspondence Course will fit you for an appointment. Advice on all Careers FREE.—Dept. E.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The new Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance exams. for all branches of the service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

DRAUGHTSMEN. — Numerous vacancies available in Electrical, Mechanical, Aeronautical and other branches of Engineering; Building; G.P.O., etc., for men age 17-40. Exp. unnecessary if willing to learn. Details of openings, salaries, prospects etc., FREE from N.I.E. (Dept. 362), Staple Inn Buildings, W.C.1.

YOUNG Men physically fit should join the police. Study at home in your spare time. Special courses for Entrance and Promotion. Full particulars or advice about other careers, Commercial, Technical or Civil Service, FREE. —Dept. A.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

REPORTERS and Journalists are wanted all over the world. No apprenticeship. Our postal course is sufficient.—Dept. J.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

POST OFFICE VACANCIES. — Both sexes—aged 15 to 23—no experience.—For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, salaries, etc., apply B.T.I. (Dept. 531), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

SHEET METAL WORKERS wanted everywhere. Now is your chance to get into a Key Position. Our Postal Courses will make you efficient. Particulars free.—Dept. S.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

CUSTOMS & EXCISE OFFICERS. Start £3 8s. weekly, rising to £878 p.a. with pension. Fine outdoor occupation. No exp. reqd. Details of openings for young men under 21 from C.C. (Dept. 59), 235, High Holborn, W.C.1.

TELEPHONY, RADIO & MOTOR ENGINEERING ARE EXPANDING RAPIDLY, there are lots of vacancies. Our Postal Courses will make you eligible: advice on all careers free.—Dept. T.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

CIVIL SERVICE.—Thousands of pensionable appointments made every year: ages 15-24. Our tuition fees from £4 4s. No extra charge for monthly payments. Full particulars free.—Dept. C.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

PRINTING.—Billheads from 2/6 1,000; other lines cheap. Samples free with leaflets. "Business Helps."—Crowleway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

TO RETAILERS AND SMALL TRADERS.

Local trade is limited, so why not SELL BY POST—the modern method of Trading? Advertise bargain line in *John Bull's* FAMOUS "SHOP WINDOW" and reach millions of buyers all over the country. ONE ADVERTISER RECENTLY REPORTED THAT FROM A SINGLE ADVERTISEMENT HE HAD RECEIVED OVER 500 ORDERS FOR A 10/- ARTICLE. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? START SMALL, GROW BIG. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull*, Room 22, 97-99, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE: 10s. per line of approximately six words. Minimum charge 30s.

PRINTING.—Cards, Memos, B'heads, 200 2/6, 1,000 5/9. Handbills, Scentcards, Timesheets, Samps., Tics's. 11, Oaklands Grove, Ldn., W.11.

PRINT AT HOME and Earn Pound Notes with the wonderful Adana Printing Machine. New model produces professional-like work from a neat writing card to a full Quarto Poster. Smooth, silent-running, automatic inking action. The world's finest value in printing machines. Only £8/8 each, or easy terms. Send for the free book "Pounds from Print." For address see illustrated advert. on page 2.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 62 TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WOOLS at summer prices. Knit from 2d. oz.: Angora 3d. ball: Rug Chenille 7½d. lb.: Thrums 1/-. Canvas designs half price, etc. Free samps. & Rug Guide.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd., Dept. 71, Newcastle/Tyne.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills from 2d. per roll. 250 patterns post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 8, Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

3/6 DOWN secures Real Silvered Fur Tie. Fill in the coupon in the Sugden advertisement on p. 20 for free catalogue.

FREE.—Illustrated catalogue of all makes of Cameras for cash or easy monthly terms. All interested in Photography should write for this catalogue to Dept. D., City Sale, 90,94, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. See page 34.

EVERY home should have an Acme 55 Portable Wringer-Mangle-Cleanser—it takes all the toil out of wringing and mangling. Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, for free illus. booklet, W.K.6, describing models, sizes, prices, etc., to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David St., Glasgow. See page 31.

FREE Furnishing catalogue. Fill in and post the coupon on page 3 (or write, mentioning *John Bull*), to Jas. Woodhouse & Son, 55/61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, or the Cavendish Furniture Co., Ltd., 439/441, Oxford Street, London, W.1, for special catalogue crammed full of Furniture bargains. In the same announcement appears a wonderful offer of a figured oak Bedstead complete with bedding for 3/6 monthly and no deposit. Turn to this offer now and read the details of this attractive bargain.

SAVE YOUR SKIN

SOOTHE IT! CLEANSE IT!! HEAL IT!!!

Every minute of the day, swarming in the air around you, massed upon every article you touch, are MILLIONS upon MILLIONS of GERMS! To prevent their entering and poisoning your body, Nature has provided you with a veritable "suit of armour"—YOUR SKIN. Once that precious protection becomes broken, cut, or even scratched, then DANGER MENACES. If you have any form of skin trouble, whether it be a tiny scratch or a gaping wound, you must IMMEDIATELY soothe it, cleanse it, and HEAL IT with that famous 100-Year-Old Family Remedy HOLLOWAYS OINTMENT.

A child's graze can have far-reaching consequences! Cover it instantly with soothing, cleansing Holloways Ointment.

THE DANGER OF DIRT

The smallest "nick" in your skin is an "open invitation" to DIRT, DISEASE and INFECTION! Thousands of people to-day are suffering terrible skin diseases because they neglected a scratch while gardening, opening a tin or doing some ordinary odd job. For children's grazes on knees or elbows it is particularly important to apply HOLLOWAYS OINTMENT. YOU must do the remembering—HOLLOWAYS OINTMENT will do the rest!

SPOTS ON FACE AND BACK

Never scratch a spot—but even more important still—NEVER NEGLECT IT! A spot is disfiguring, but it is also DANGEROUS. The thing to do is to smooth on some HOLLOWAYS OINTMENT. It cools and removes the irritation and quickly clears up the trouble, leaving the skin soft and clean.

A century of success stands behind every tin and jar of HOLLOWAYS OINTMENT. Amongst its marvellous ingredients, HOLLOWAYS OINTMENT contains real dairy butter, rich in skin-soothing and skin-feeding properties. If you've a skin trouble, you've an instant and urgent need for HOLLOWAYS OINTMENT.

HOLLOWAYS Brand OINTMENT

3d 1/3, 3/- and 5/- Sold Everywhere

If you suffer from Anæmia, Biliousness, Constipation, Headaches, Indigestion, Kidney or Liver Troubles, Loss of Appetite, Nervines, etc., you should try a course of Holloways Brand Pills—the Family Remedy for 100 years! From all Chemists at

3d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/- Per Box

A FOLDING CAMERA for 15/-. Perfect Landscapes, Portraits, Groups, etc. Write for particulars to Soho, Ltd. See advert. on page 2.

GRATISPOOL—FREE FILMS for all (Standard Sizes). *John Bull* readers should cut out Gratispool's Advert. on page 2 and write for full particulars, sending 3d. in stamps only for postage and packing.

A PROFIT of 56/9 on an outlay of 5/3 would not seem possible. Yet with the Burdon Hunter Skill Punchboard this profit has been made by thousands in the past few years. Seeing is believing. Read the announcement on page 3 and send NOW.

GARDENING.

LOOK to your Lawn. Now is the right time to secure a Garden Scythe from Wm. Penn, Ltd. See the advertisement on page 2.

PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., made from genuine Red Cedar. Will not warp, crack or shrink. Beautiful appearance. From 27/6, or 2/- down. FREE DELIVERY. Send for FREE Illustrated Catalogue.—R. H. Hall & Co. (Kent.), Ltd., 20, Paddock Wood, Kent.

GO GARDENING with Richard Sudell. He writes about your Garden in the May Number of "GARDENING," now on sale. Some of the contents: How to grow glorious "Show" Dahlias—How to make a Water Garden—Modern Garden Design—Sweet Scented Spring Flowers—A Garden in Dutch Style—A Country Cottage Garden—New Life for Garden Furniture—What to do in May—Greenhouse Hints—Garden Gadgets, with how-to-do-it illustrations, etc., etc. 100 pages containing 25 Articles and Features, 77 Photographs, Diagrams and Drawings. Ask for the May number of the Pocket-size "GARDENING." price sixpence

HOLIDAY CAMPS.

HOLIDAY CAMP BUREAU, 140a, Shaftesbury Av., W.C.2. Send stamp for List J of 50 selected Camps. Bookings made FREE. Tem. 4965.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

HEADACHE AND COLDS successfully treated by Cephos, prescription of Eminent Physician. Safe and Certain. Does not affect heart. Powder or Tablet form. Send p.c. for FREE Sample.—CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

WORMS CURED. — Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamp for details. — Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years. Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d., from all good Chemists, or by post, 5½d. and 9½d. RANKIN & CO., Dept. "G," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

A WONDERFUL New Rupture Appliance scientifically made. Sufferers should write to the London Surgical Co. (Dept B.87), Craven House, 121, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, for full particulars

IF you suffer from Catarrh, don't overlook the Nostroline advert. on page 35, in which a free sample can be obtained for a trial.

A FREE Booklet on skin troubles. Here's news! The first soluble assimilable sulphur treatment for skin diseases. A free copy of a special booklet with full details of guarantee will be sent to all readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Soluble Sulphur, Ltd., Adam House, 60, Strand, London, W.C.2. End your skin troubles now by getting full particulars of this new discovery.

FREE to Rheumatism Sufferers! Generous Free Trial packet of "Hervea," which clears and expels Uric Acid from the system. Write for supply to-day, mentioning *John Bull*, to Mr. H. Lee, Colonial Importer (Dept. 41B), 3, Alfred Place, London, W.C.1.

CATARRH Sufferers! Get particulars of Mr. Allan Cooper's special offer. So confident is he of the efficacy of his remedy for Catarrh, Head Noises, Hay Fever and Catarrhal Deafness that sufferers are offered a trial under guarantee. Without cost or obligation, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Mr. Allan Cooper, 60, Strand, London, W.C.2, for full particulars of the offer

IF you endure the agonies of asthma and bronchitis, learn how instant relief can be yours by filling in the coupon in the Potter & Clarke announcement on page 34 for a free copy of a special booklet, "Are You Asthmatic?" which gives valuable information as to the treatment of bronchitis, etc. If you prefer, you can write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1. See page 34.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PEARL Endowment policies bought outright; also Refuge and Salvation Army Policies purchased.—Pioneer Sales, Winchester.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

MRS. BARTON, The Belt Specialist, would like to send the special list dealing with New Type Belts for Ladies. See announcement on page 2.

FREE.—Get a copy of Jay's Furnishing catalogue by filling in the coupon on page 35. Wonderful Furnishing bargains can be obtained, including Pianos, as well as Bedroom Suites and Dining-room Suites. Cross out the catalogues not required.

FREE to mothers. Valuable book, "BABY"—a wise, complete and simple guide to happy motherhood and healthy babyhood. Also Nestlé's Supplementary Feeding Charts. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Nestlé's Milk Products, Ltd. (I.F.313), 6a, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3. See page 29.

IF readers of *John Bull* would like any information on the Holiday resorts covered by the G.W.R., write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, London, W.2, when full information will be gladly supplied. See page 14.

FREE.—Send for a De Luxe Beauty Outfit of Powders and Skinfoods for both day and night use. Every woman reader can obtain one of these beauty outfits, which contains a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades, also Tokalon Skinfood Creams. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 422T), Chare Road, London, N.W.10. Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc.

THE glorious feeling a bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap gives is proof enough of the way it watches over Personal Freshness. People in every walk of life will find that the antiseptic health element of Lifebuoy Toilet Soap removes all traces of stale waste matter. Cleanse the pores thoroughly by a regular bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap. See page 27.

FREE.—Send for free Guide, telling you all about Blackpool, with its stupendous amusements, healthy ozone, golden sands and outdoor and indoor attractions. Write now to W. Foster, Dept. 14, Town Hall, Blackpool. If you have never spent a holiday at Blackpool, get this free Guide and see for yourself how marvellous it is. See page 25.

MAKE certain of your future. Fill in the coupon on page 33 for details of the Guaranteed Income Policy of the Prudential Assurance Co., which is specially designed to meet the needs of married men. Not only does this offer provision for his wife or dependent but the man himself receives an income after a certain age. Get full particulars of how to provide for your future comfort and independence, which can be obtained free and without obligation by filling in the coupon in the Prudential announcement on page 33.

WIN £20 WEEKLY for LIFE plus £250 CASH AND £100

SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO

Fares, Hotel Accommodation and £2 Entertainment Bonus to provide Glorious Seaside Week for Two.

£500 CASH IF WINNER PREFERS SINGLE AWARD

UNLIMITED £5 HOLIDAY CHEQUES

£5 HOLIDAY CASH FOR EVERY CASH WINNER THIS WEEK WHO ALSO SECURES CASH PRIZE IN NEXT WEEK'S CROSSWORD No. 154

Closing Postmark FRIDAY May 19

EXTRA DAY to POST YOUR ENTRY for JOHN BULL'S BIG HOLIDAY X-WORD!

153

READ THESE RULES.

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), and bear POSTMARK of not later than Friday, May 19, 1939. Entries from addresses outside the British Isles must be received not later than Saturday, May 20.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 1. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, June 6, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £500 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 35.

16 BIG CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 150

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 150 the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following sixteen competitors:—

W. BOSTOCK, Westhingtons Hill, Hemelhempstead, nr. Leicester; J. A. BOYLE, 66, Kenilworth Ave., Widnes, Scotland; K. DUNCAN, "Furnbank," Dundonald, Co. Down; G. GREGORY, Bernham, Crawley, Sussex; Miss E. E. HANNETTE, 15, Stratford Rd., Leo, S.E.12; T. HORNE, 18, Priory Rd., Whitemoss, Lisburn; A. JOELES, 11, Lacy St., Edgeley, Stockport; S. MATTHEWS, 17, Harbour Terr., Seaham, Co. Durham; Miss P. MILLARD, 11, Bowman Rd., Coventry; L. PECK, 94, Ivory Rd., Clapham, S.W.4; Miss A. POTTER, 156, Liverpool Rd., Warrington; Mrs. J. QUARRY, 71, High St., Jedburgh, Scotland; F. RICHARDSON, Town Head, Ryan, Scotland; A. RILEY, 12, Williamson St., Liverpool, 1; F. SHORT, Post Office, Rollesby, Gt. Yarmouth; Mrs. E. E. TEDALE, 24, Gosforth St., Bootle, Liverpool, 6.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £500 and a cheque for £31 5s. 0d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, May 16, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £250 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 337 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive 8s. 11d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 1,658 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS.

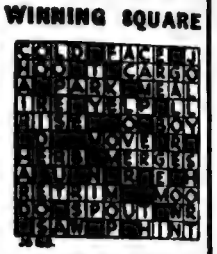
ACROSS.—1. COLD. 5. FACE. 6. PARK. 7. HEAL. 10. RISE. 11. HOVE. 12. HERB. 18. HOG. 20. SPOUT. 21. SAW. 22. HINT.

DOWN.—1. CHAIR. 2. CAMP. 4. JOLLY. 5. FRY. 8. RIDE. 9. LOVER. 13. EST. 14. GEL. 15. SHORT. 16. HIP. 17. MOP. 19. OWE.

DOUT WINNER IN CROSSWORD No. 147.

The Special £10 Holiday Cash Bonus offered to "Good Shot" winners in Crossword No. 147, who won a cash prize in Competition No. 149, has been won outright by Mrs. B. Brown, 14, Dorator St., Milnsbridge, Huddersfield.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with your entry the Reservation Coupon below.

WEDDING AND £100 OR HOLIDAY AND £300 FREE.

Each entrant of the two 1s. Entry Forms below, accompanied by necessary 2s. entry-fee, is entitled to enclose one "Bullets" Coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Wedding and Cash or Holiday and Fortune Offer. Coupons on page 43. See also enclosure privilege on "Bullets" page.

ACROSS CLUES

1. One is often served with this at banquet
4. Many people have never been moved by
7. Imitate
9. Gambling may be of the kind in which people do this
10. Sometimes goes quickly at party
14. Often closed for safety
16. Sometimes seen in hall of house
19. One should be able to get along quickly if one is this
20. Conclusion
21. Plough is only rarely required for work on one
22. Some changes it makes seem magical

DOWN CLUES

1. They are apt to make patients a bit more nervous at the dentist's
2. Costly suitcases are occasionally this
3. Strong wind makes it much harder to do this accurately
5. Acorns come from these trees
6. Some people have this with eggs at times
8. Bad lie is a bit of a one
11. Some people welcome opportunity of working in one
12. You want to have a lot of this when giving party for youngsters
13. It might be good plan for village stores to have some in stock
15. Would be easy to shoot from the air
17. Repair
18. Commonly seen in wood

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINES

FOR FREE X-WORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON.

Affix 1½d. Stamp Here.	Affix 1½d. Stamp Here.

I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage on NEW BLOT-FREE "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets Bulletin."

I want (a) A 6 weeks' Free supply.
(b) 6 weeks' extension of my present supply.
(Cross out line which is not applicable.)

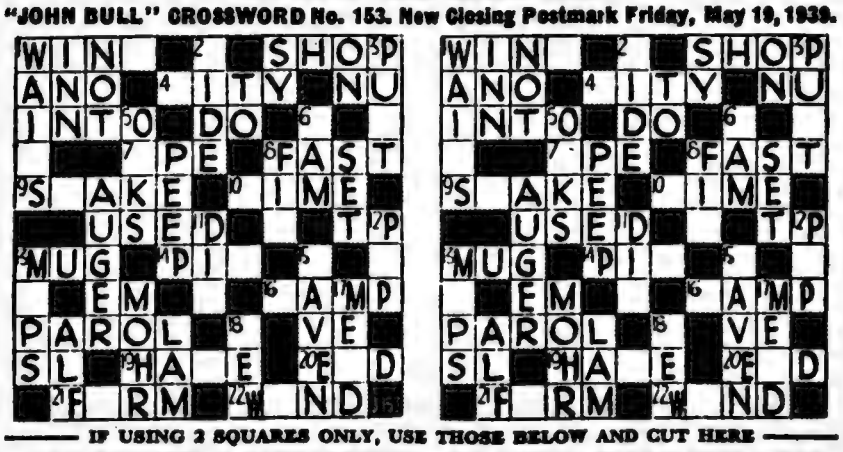
Name .....

Address .....

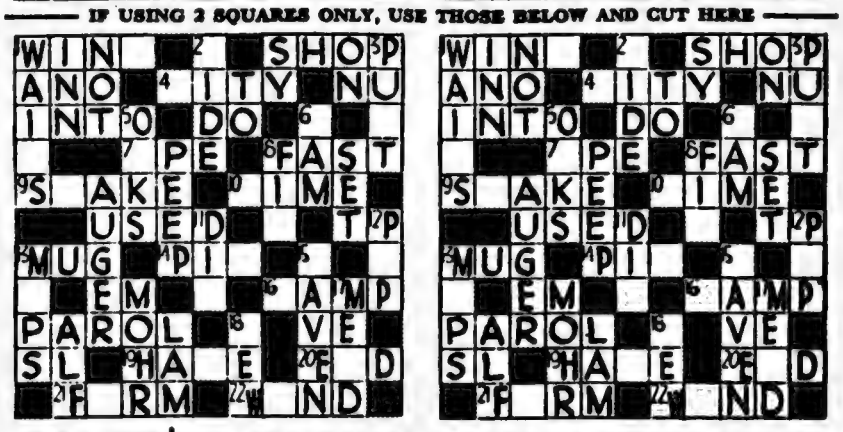
N.B.—Enclose with entry or post direct to: "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 38, Bedford St., W.C.2

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 153. Now Closing Postmark Friday, May 19, 1939.



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



2 SQUARES 6d.
4 SQUARES 1s.

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

Signed..... P.O. value .....

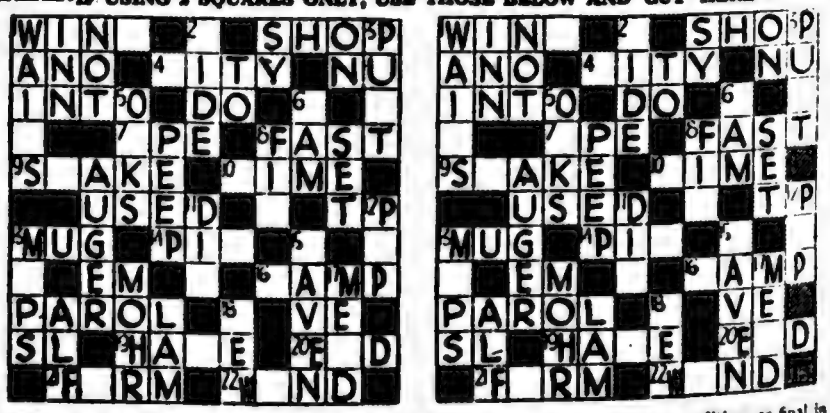
Address ..... No. .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 153. Now Closing Postmark Friday, May 19, 1939.

IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



6 SQUARES 1s. 6d.
8 SQUARES 2s.

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

Signed..... P.O. value .....

Address ..... No. .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 153, "JOHN BULL," 67, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

NEW HELP for "CROSSWORDERS"—See page 38

The Editor Laughs Last

The Kid by LEES

COBBLER (Darlington).—"I then put my shoe upon the last." That's where we usually put our shirt.

L. T. (Brighton).—"Do you think it wise to dip your head first when going bathing?" No, one toe.

S. K. (Ilkley).—"When does a book become a classic?" When people who have not read it begin to say they have.

MR. D. (Watford).—"I'm a proud man because my wife has told me that in a few months there will be a third sharing our little home." See letter below.

MRS. D. (Watford).—"I am quite excited because I have received a letter from my mother informing me that in a few months she will be coming to stay with me." See letter above.

E. K. (Kettering).—"Some sunbathing clubs charge as much as five guineas a year as a membership fee, but what, after all, does one get for it?" Brown, usually.

B. L. (Malvern).—"He showed me the little clock he was going to give his wife as a surprise for her birthday, and told me to be sure to keep it under my hat." What a funny place for a clock!

TENOR (Bangor).—"Several of my friends who have heard me sing tell me that I have a voice in a thousand. Do you think they are sincere or just polite?" Both.

R. T. (London, E.).—"My wife is always going out with a pal of mine. What shall I do to keep her at home in the evenings?" Take the other chap in as a boarder.

B. C. (Redhill).—"I think my son is better behaved than I was at his age. For instance, he doesn't wear out his trousers sliding down banisters." Why, do you live in a bungalow?

R. G. (Kidderminster).—"Some of the quantities of unwanted material in my garden I dispose of by letting the neighbours have it." Mind they don't catch you throwing it over!

W. N. (Edgware).—"He met her first at the seaside. She dropped a handkerchief and he picked it up. Now they are engaged." The poor fish didn't realise it was ground bait.

F. S. R. (Chatham).—"The temperature of a hot bath is best governed by one's own taste." We prefer to test it with our fingers.

D. W. (Corby).—"I got a real kick out of kissing the girl next door." Did her father catch you?

MISS M. (Hounslow).—"My brother has just come home after ten years in Africa. He looks much older." He is!

DOCTOR (London, S.W.8).—"People who lie in bed are very likely to catch anything that is going." Except their early morning trains.

E. N. (Braintree).—"Do you ever imagine for a few blissful minutes that you can sit down and write a cheque for a colossal sum?" No, but the Inland Revenue authorities do.

RATE COLLECTOR (Essex).—"I am anxious to find the man who rescued me from the river." Then we take it that you are not bothering about the one who pushed you in?

PSYCHOLOGIST (Sandown).—"Children who put their tongues out when learning to write often become famous in the journalistic world." And so do those who keep them in their cheeks.

MRS. K. (Manchester).—"Some of the big stores around here are impossible and I never get what I ask for." That seems to speak well for the assistants' self-control.

E. S. (Sleaford).—"A poacher can never give up the habit." Game to the end!

MR. B. (Epsom).—"I spend most of my evenings studying the classics." See letter below.

MRS. B. (Epsom).—"My husband spends most of his spare time trying to pick winners for some of the big races." See letter above.

HISTORIAN (Colchester).—"A crude form of alarm clock was in existence two thousand years ago." Hence those early Egyptians, we suppose?

E. G. (Esher).—"There were several pretty girls at the boarding-house but I didn't kiss one of them." Was she very disappointed?

P. B. C. (Tooting).—"He is the sort of man who doesn't let his right hand know what his left hand is doing." We've heard pianists like that.

V. L. (Romford).—"When ought a man to retire?" When he comes into the drawing-room and finds his wife has a bridge party.

F. B. (Rochester).—"During my recent visit to France I was able to make myself understood by the Parisians." You spoke English?

FILM STAR (Elstree).—"The newspaper reports that say I have been married eight times are most misleading." Then why not demand a recount?

F. L. (Leeds).—"The censor must have many laughs when reading the script of revue and music-hall turns." Doubtless—although subsequent audiences have to make the best of the jokes that are left.

E. B. (Banbury).—"It has been wonderful growing weather for amateur gardeners of late." Then we shall expect to see some fine strapping fellows at our local flower show this summer.

M. T. (Balham).—"How much does it cost to get married, nowadays?" It need be only sixpence if you turn to page 43.

R. G. (Epping).—"I wonder if our native birds resent the intrusion of the migratory species?" Oh, no! Our local sparrows are always willing to share our seeds with any of them.

MRS. J. (Retford).—"The very first cake I made after I got married was devoured by burglars." It seems that the modern house-breaking tool will penetrate almost anything.

O. S. (Burnley).—"I knew he was lying when he said the smart car in the street below was his, because I used my powers of observation." He was wearing his cycling clips?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark Envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"... where we can emulate the FAT of Tom Sawyer."

WEST HARTLEPOOL FOOTBALL MAIL:—"Rain during the night was followed by more, which COMMENCED an hour or so before the game."

YORKS EVENING PRESS:—"At Boroughbridge, the visitors could only muster EIGHT men."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"Stockholders jumped on chairs BOOSING and shaking fists at the directors."

SOUTH WALES ARGUS:—"The King has found it necessary to alter his PLANTS for the coming week ..."

L. J. (Leominster).—"A cup of tea always encourages a group of women to talk." But an even louder buzz of conversation is caused by the departure of one member of the party.

BANISH
Backache
caused by
Kidney Trouble

Backache is really kidney ache. The kidneys are clogged-up with impurities. They become sluggish. Harmful pain-causing poisons accumulate and then starts that down-dragging weakness and exhausting backache. To end your pain you must restore the kidneys to health. Only a genuine kidney remedy can do this. That remedy is De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills.

De Witts Pills act directly on the kidneys. Within 24 hours from the first dose you will have positive proof that your weak, sluggish kidneys are being cleansed. These famous pills restore the kidneys to health so that the cause of your trouble is cleared right away. Your bad backache ends. The quick relief you experience becomes permanent benefit, and medicine is no longer necessary.

DE WITTS
KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS

Specially prepared to remedy Backache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Joint Pains and Urinary Disorders. Sold by chemists everywhere, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared, soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal or external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy.

INDIGESTION
Get Instant Relief this way

Here is proof positive that you can stop the pain and danger of chronic indigestion at quite a small cost. Every victim of indigestion should read this amazing letter.

Mr. C. E. Jones, of 57, Dibley St., Newcastle-on-Tyne, says:—"*I was nearly driven mad with indigestion pains in my chest. I tried dieting and many remedies, but could not get any relief. I dreaded eating all food. I bought a tin of De Witt's Antacid Powder, and within four days was able to eat anything. Since then I have never had a repetition of my complaint. To me it is amazing. De Witt's Antacid Powder has indeed been a wonderful blessing.*"

De Witt's Antacid Powder soothes and protects the stomach lining. It stimulates the whole digestive processes so that you can enjoy every meal with never a fear of painful after-effects.

For your own satisfaction get a supply of De Witt's Antacid Powder to-day. Take a dose after your next meal, get instant relief from your old indigestion misery. You will feel and look years younger because you will enjoy your food, and every particle will do you good.

DE WITT'S
Antacid Powder

the quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Palpitation, Heartburn, Gastritis and all Stomachic Affections.

1/6 of all chemists. Double Size 2/6

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

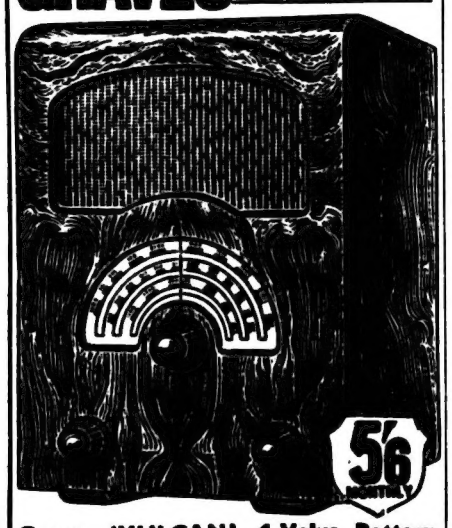
Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/-.

STOP RHEUMATISM with URACE

FREE SAMPLE! From Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 52a, Bunhill, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 & 3/-.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Graves 'VULCAN' 4-Valve Battery

THREE-WAVEBAND SUPERHET

is the World's greatest Radio success.

This marvellous scientific triumph is available for every home—Full range of reception from Short, Medium and Long-wave stations; clearest reproduction of Musical performances, Entertainments, Sports events, World-wide News and actual voices of the most interesting speakers and personalities. This magnificent full size Walnut Set compares favourably with Sets at double price, and is offered on the most beneficial terms without extra charge. Backed by the Graves 40 years' reputation, on the fullest approval, for 5/6 now, and 5/6 monthly. Nothing else to buy. Total Price £6:17:6

WE OFFER EXCHANGE PRICE FOR OLD SETS

Write for Illustrated Catalogue and full specifications of the latest A.C. Mains & Battery Sets Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Your Washing Day Made Easier!

THINK what modern labour-saving devices can do to lighten your washing day. EVERY home should have an Acme Cleanser-Wringer like the one illustrated on page 31. Write, mentioning JOHN BULL, for free illustrated booklet, W.K.6, describing all models (portable as well), sizes, prices, etc., to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David Street, Glasgow, S.E.

Don't overlook JAYS FURNISHING OFFERS on page 35.

The FREE Coupon will bring Catalogues and full details of their Three-Way Protection.

THE GOOD NATURED LAXATIVE

LIXEN

OF ALL CHEMISTS
Elixir (Liquid) in Bottles 1/- 1/9 3/-
Lozenges in tins 7½ & 1/-

Escape by Poison

(continued from page 36)

tine was made to the President of the United States. That failed and in the end she was handed over to the superintendent, who brought her home to Scotland.

The Crown's evidence was damning. The Renfrew chemist identified the prisoner. There was the testimony of Mary Paterson, the overwhelming medical opinion—death from arsenic poisoning.

HOW black it all looked for the beautiful girl as she stood—a figure of grief—before the jury.

She had motive for desiring the removal of her husband. Indeed she had never tried to hide for a moment her physical antipathy to the marriage.

The opportunity of administering poison was hers and hers alone, said the prosecution.

But there were points on the defence side. Christine had done everything possible for her husband in his sickness. Not content with the first doctor, she insisted on another.

Could the identification of the Renfrew chemist be accepted beyond all reasonable doubt?

Purchase of poison through Mary, the maid, was admitted.

"But that," said counsel for the defence," was bought because the unfortunate, unhappy woman in the dock had in mind to take her own life, and end the intolerable misery of an ill-assorted, repugnant marriage. But her courage failed and she destroyed the poison packet in the presence of her maid."

A TELLING point, for Mary Paterson remembered seeing her mistress throw a packet—like a packet of arsenic—into the fire, saying at the time that she did not know quite how to use it and it was safer destroyed.

Most important of all was the emphasis on the suggestion that Gilmour *was known* to have threatened suicide at the time his proposal of marriage was refused.

Was it too much to suppose that he had killed himself when even marriage did not win the woman he desired?

"I know a way," he had said—"by poison."

As a farmer he knew about poisons for the destruction of vermin, and the medical evidence did not rule out the chance of death having come from *one dose of poison*, which could have been self-administered.

Considering these circumstances, a skilful defence could easily throw honest doubt into the minds of any jury—helped tremendously by the prisoner's alluring personality.

"You," said the judge, addressing the jury, "are the only judges of the facts in this case, and you may perhaps say that without any proved act of administration your minds revolt from the notion she committed the crime with which she is charged."

Under the Scottish law the members of the jury had their chance of avoiding a decision. They left the whole question of guilt or innocence open by a non-proven verdict.

To me, as the reviewer of this perplexing case, it seems that the inevitable sympathy towards a beautiful woman overruled cool, unemotional judgment.

I THINK the Crown case was proved; that the defence theory of suicide would not bear examination, and that Christine Gilmour did poison her husband.

The horror of contemplating life for ever under the same roof as a man she loathed changed her nature, it seems to me.

She became the most dangerous of all creatures—a woman completely unbalanced by hatred. She realised she was in chains and she had to be free.

She could see only one way to freedom—the death of her husband—and she caused that death by a woman's weapon—poison.

If Christine Gilmour had been tried in England I think she would have been found guilty.

WIN YOUR CHOICE of these FINE PRIZES!

If you choose the Wedding and £100

Enter this week's best Bullet and "John Bull" will provide you with £100 in immediate cash, pay £50 advance rent for you or a £50 deposit on your new home and provide you with £100 worth of furniture. As for the wedding—the bride's trousseau, ring and bouquet, new clothes for the bridegroom, the cost of wedding breakfast, cars, photographs and cake are all included in this great new prize. So are a £10 Surprise Wedding Gift and a Millionaire's Honeymoon.

N.B.—Winner may nominate son or daughter for 5-in-1 Wedding prize if desired.

If you choose the £300 and Holiday

If you choose the Cash-plus-Motoring award, soon after your golden Joy Wire a cheque for £300 will reach you from Long Acre. Then, whenever you like, you and a chosen companion will be privileged to set out—wherever you like—on your 500-mile luxury holiday tour. You will be driven in a limousine by an experienced chauffeur and all entertainment expenses for the week will be paid by "John Bull."

COUPONS AND EXAMPLES ON OPPOSITE PAGE

'BULLETS' 1,167 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, 20s. Weekly for Life plus Celebration Week-end—or £250 and Week-end:

S. N. JONES, 23, Church Street, Exmouth, Devon.

Example: GRANNY AND GRANDPA
Bullet: WON THROUGH—ONE, THROUGHOUT.

SECOND PRIZE, £25 plus Week-end:

Mrs. A. WHITWORTH, 17, Bermans Way, Neasden, London, N.W.

Example: Every Friday
Bullet: Touching "Brass"—Touch Wood!

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Week-end:

H. E. PHILLIPS, 42, High Street, Brightlingsea, Essex.

Example: Bombshell For The Taxpayer
Bullet: *That* "Drops Yearly," Anyway

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: J. L. DEVINE, 9, Braid Avenue, Edinburgh.
Made Mother Lose—Her Furrows, Few "Lines."

£8: H. M. F. BODE, The Cottage, Malvern, Worcs.
What Europe Needs—"Herr" And "Signor" Roosevelt.

£7: F. A. CALLAN, 88, Bolingbroke Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
He's A Curate, So—Grace "Clothes"—Clothes Disgrace!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£6: Mrs. E. G. M. CORCLOUGH, "Leahurst," Surrey Road South, Bournemouth.
Like A Thunderbolt—Hitler — Shattered, "Meeting World."

£5: A. WALTERS, "Glenrose," St. Andrew's Road, Taunton, Som.
How We Live—In "Boxes"—On Tins!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£4: Mrs. E. BELL, 2, St. Vincent Street, South Shields.
Granny And Grandpa—Past "Illusions"—Enjoying "Magic."

£3: C. HENDRICK, 52, West Street Estate, Banbury, Oxon.
He's A Nudist, So—Sandy's *Pocket* In *Hand*.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

T. H. DUNNING, 33, Waterloo Road, Peterborough.
He's A Trier, So—"Indifferent" Only To Discouragement.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

D. DWYER, 24, Llwynfedw Gardens, Birchgrove, Cardiff.
Unemployed Army — Germany's, "Camouflaged" By Uniforms.

L. J. FELL, Stickney, Boston, Lincs.
What Auntie Needs—New Umbrella—Burglar, Ribs!

W. JENKINS, 21, Bedwellty Pits, Tredegar, Mon.
Farming Would Pay If—We Once Experienced Famine.

Mrs. A. MILLAR, 16, Abyssinia Street, Leeds.
How We Live — After Friday — "Until Friday—?"

Mrs. B. A. MOUNTAIN, 28, Conway Drive, Leeds.
When Sonny's Playing—Saxophone, Neighbours "Practice" Evacuation!

A. R. POOLE, 36, Church Street, Church Gresley, Burton-on-Trent.
Woman Of The Future—*She'll* Use Same "Weapons."

W. POWER, 113, Park Road, Caterham, Surrey.
Umpire Roosevelt—"Steps" Putting Him "High."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

B. SCHOFIELD, 65, Chalfont Street, Bolton, Lancs.
What Hitler Needs—Land—For Concentration Camps?

L. F. THOMPSON, 60, New Road, Grays, Essex.
Tenderly—Hitler Holds Mussolini's Throat!

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 winners of 2-in-1 Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

READ THESE RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the first being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed [illegible]. Entrant's name, address and date of birth must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible

IDEAL WEDDING and CASH OR HOLIDAY and FORTUNE!

"BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE-WINNER WILL SELECT AWARD PREFERRED

COMPLETE 5-in-1 WEDDING AWARD and £100

1. All Wedding Expenses including Trousseau, Bridegroom's Clothes, Ring, Wedding Breakfast, etc.
2. Deposit on New Home, or rent, up to £50.
3. Furniture, Carpets, Equipment, etc., value up to £100.
4. £10 Surprise Wedding Gift from "John Bull."
5. Millionaire's Honeymoon anywhere in British Isles.

£300 and 500 mile MOTORING HOLIDAY for TWO

Winner will be invited to choose own route for a 500-mile Motoring Holiday, visiting favourite British beauty spots and seaside resorts. Chauffeur-driven limousine and all entertainment expenses provided by "John Bull."

6,244 OTHER PRIZES

£25	£10
£9	£8
£7	£6
£5	£4
£3	10 of £2-10
25 of 10/-	
200 2-in-1 SURPRISE AWARDS	6,000 "GOOD SHOT" AWARDS

ONE WEEK ONLY
CLOSING POSTMARK
SAT. MAY 20

HOW TO WIN

To make a prize *Bullet*, simply take an *Example* and make a rough note of any idea it suggests. Then improve this to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*.

For instance, against the *Example*, DAD OFFERED TO HELP, BUT, you might jot down *Got Thirsty Guarding Waterworks*. This you could easily improve to the typical *Bullet*, DAD OFFERED TO HELP, BUT — "SPIRIT" EVAPORATED, PATROLLING WATERWORKS!

Before starting on your own efforts, study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,167th Contest on opposite page. Then turn to the *Examples* without delay, for your entry *must* be posted on or before Saturday, May 20.

ADDED ATTRACTION: Last six "Examples" in list are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

NO WAR
THANKS TO ROOSEVELT
INTERNATIONAL CRICKET
TO HELP EUROPE
READY FOR A HOLIDAY
MUSIC IN MY EARS
SAME OLD GAME
REGRETFULLY
"DON'T WORRY!"
SONNY'S A RASCAL, BUT
BETTER PLACE
MAN WHO CAME BACK
WHEN AUNTIE WENT CAMPING
UPROAR IN THE PUB
DAD OFFERED TO HELP, BUT
BAD POLICY
MISSED THE BOAT
THE CAR BROKE DOWN AND
IF WIVES HAD WAGES
STARVING MAN

Incomplete "Examples"—see notice Col. 1.

YOUTH'S .....
TO SAVE HIS .....
IF ..... WINS
..... OF PEACE
WITHOUT .....
WHEN ..... FINISHED

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose **TWO** or more (paid or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,171, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....

Address .....

NEW HELP for "BULLETEERS"—See page 38

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,171 usually purchase "John Bull."

Should you wish to enter more than coupons provided, you may use plain paper.

FINE NEW CASH-plus-HOLIDAY PRIZES NEXT WEEK!

SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage. Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,171 and Crossword No. 153, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner. Closing postmark for such joint entry, Saturday, May 20.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
(1,171) | Closing postmark SAT., MAY 20.

Signed .....

Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P. O. for 1s.
(1,171) | Closing postmark SAT., MAY 20.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
(1,171) | Closing postmark SAT., MAY 20.

Signed .....

Address .....

YOU CAN POST ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, MAY 20.

ENTRY FEE You must enclose a postal order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed /& Co./. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,171, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SUDDENLY SHE CAUGHT MY ARM —"May! oh May The Pain Is Gone"

DRAMATIC TRIBUTE TO YEAST-VITE

Brand Tablets

Dear Sirs, BELFAST.

I wish to thank you very sincerely for Yeast-Vite, also to tell you what happened here to-day.

My sister came to see me, she looked very weary and told me how bad she had been all the week with neuritis. She was very miserable and had tried such a lot of remedies, etc. Well, I went to my medicine chest, took out the bottle of Yeast-Vite and gave her two tablets. She took them but I could see by her face she doubted if they would help. However, knowing Yeast-Vite and their wonderful results I said nothing. We talked about different things for about 15 minutes or so and she rose to go. Suddenly she caught my arm. May! Oh May! the pain is gone—quite gone. She was mad with delight. This, Sirs, is what really happened, and my sister is a firm believer in Yeast-Vite and intends to spread the good news. I am thanking you most sincerely on her behalf and also on my own for a wonderful health-giver in Yeast-Vite.

I remain, dear Sirs, Yours very faithfully, (Signed) Mrs. R. D.

18 Words of Wisdom

Trinidad,
British West Indies.
January 20, 1939.

Dear Sirs,
I have used Yeast-Vite tablets for the last few years with outstanding success.
I always keep them handy.
(Signed) C. S.

CHEMIST KNOWS WHAT'S BEST

SOMERSET.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write to thank you for the benefit I have derived from taking your Yeast-Vite Tablets.

I am the manager and director of a pharmaceutical business, so my recommendation may be of added interest.

A few months ago I felt the strain of business rather badly and that, combined with other worries, almost reduced me to a nervous wreck. I tried many other remedies, of which, of course, I had plenty at my disposal, but without effect. As a chemist I can honestly say that after taking a course of your Tablets I felt an entirely new man and have remained so ever since.

Yours faithfully, (Signed) W. A.

STEEPLEJACK ENJOYS THAT 'Good to Live' FEELING

A LONDON STEEPLEJACK writes:

"I find Yeast-Vite a great pick-me-up, and sincerely recommend this great tonic to increase vigour and give you that 'good to live' feeling. I must keep fit on a job like mine; Yeast-Vite keeps me just fine."

Recommended Yeast-Vite to

30 or 40 Sufferers

Jersey, C.I.
April 6, 1939.

Dear Sirs,

I decided to write because I have recommended Yeast-Vite Tablets to over 30 or 40 sufferers of different things. My husband has suffered for years, and what it is nobody knows, but since he takes Yeast-Vite he feels much better, and when he went to a surgeon he was told he must have an operation, yet Yeast-Vite has relieved him.

When my baby was born I took Yeast-Vite every day and after. I took them three times a day and they worked wonders; also I took them as a pick-me-up for three months. I cannot speak too highly of them, and if you wish to use this as advice to other sufferers you may publish it with my name and address wherever you like. The makers of Yeast-Vite should be proud of the comfort they give to thousands of sufferers.

I remain, Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Mrs. H.

"I FELT ANOTHER WOMAN —This is No Exaggeration"

Kent.

Dear Sirs,

Having seen your advert, and also reading the news about Yeast-Vite Tablets, myself hardly knowing what to do having a Cold and exceptionally run-down condition, I bought 1/3 bottle, before taking the 22 tablets which the bottle contained I felt another woman, this is no exaggeration.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) E. S. (Age 65.)

WIRE FROM HOLLAND

POST OFFICE TELEGRAM

57 NEUZEN, HOLLAND

BRING TWO BOTTLES YEAST-VITE EXPECT DRY DOCK MONDAY

8——

S. Wales.

Dear Sirs,

I am sending you this telegram. I was thinking what a good advertisement it is for Yeast-Vite. This telegram was sent to my husband from Holland by the captain of his ship. My husband had come home for a few days' holiday, and received this message before he returned to the ship. Both my husband and the captain take Yeast-Vite regularly.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) A. F.

THE SECRET OF VIM AND VIGOUR

Each and every Yeast-Vite Tablet could be described as a veritable "Spark of Life and Health" because it is an accurate scientific combination of pure medicinal Yeast (Saccharomyces Cerevisiæ), and other special tonic ingredients of proved value as prescribed by leading specialists. Get a bottle to-day under our world-famous fair-play offer "No Relief–No Pay."

GRATITUDE EXPRESSED IN LIGHTER VEIN

As everybody knows, Yeast-Vite is sold under a definite money-back-if-not-satisfied offer (see below). We are indebted to the gentleman who writes the following letter for this expression of good humour which follows Yeast-Vite good health.

Surrey.

Dear Sirs,

Enclosed please find one 1/3 carton, which I am returning to you under your guarantee of refunding money if not satisfied, but as I am **completely satisfied,** *why not send me another package free?*

I might mention that if ever I need a tonic, I automatically take Yeast-Vite.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Mr. A. F.

GREAT OFFER

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